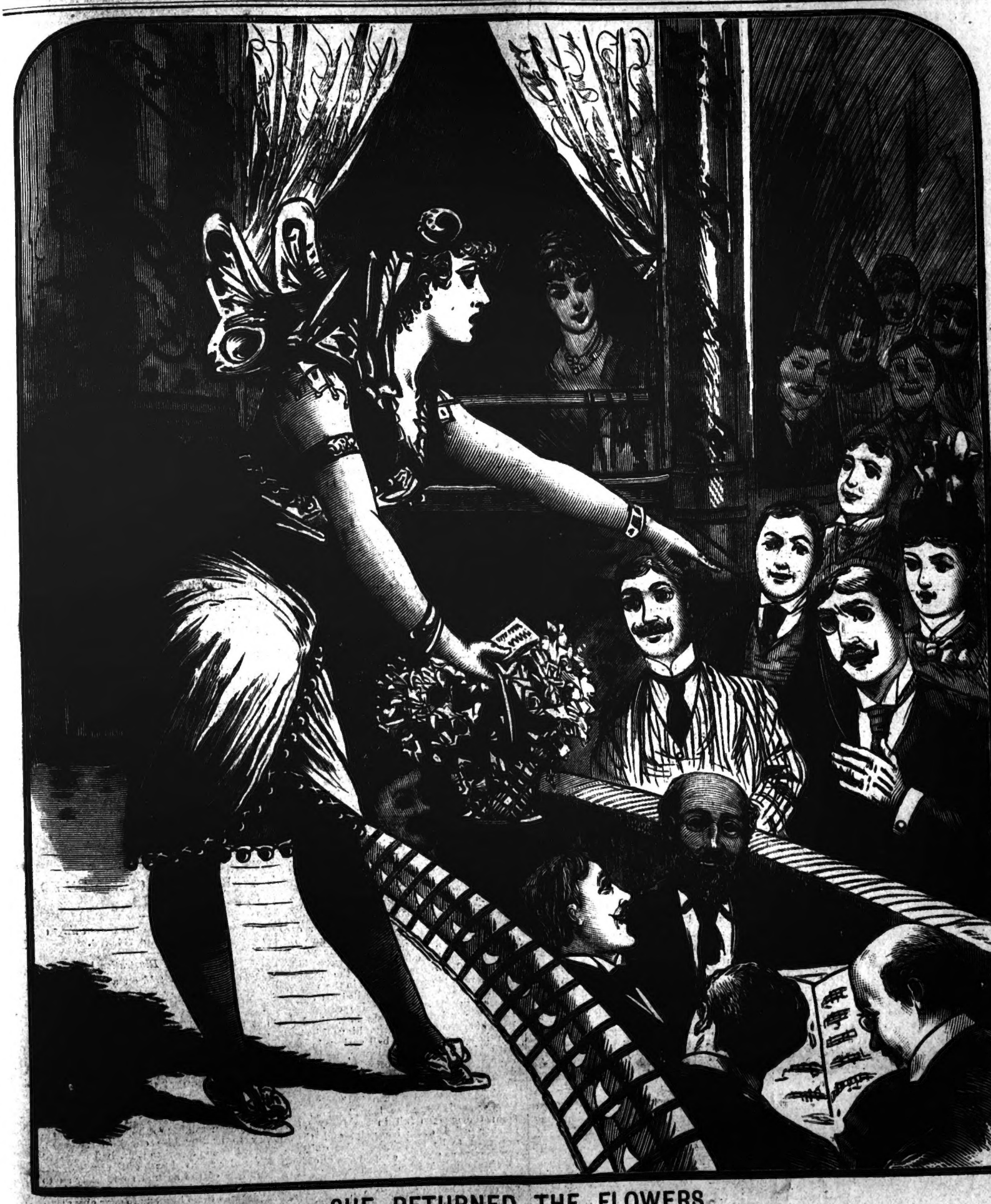
The Mirror of Life

ACCURATE ILLUSTRATIONS OF THE LEADING EVENTS OF THE DAY

VOL. I.—No. 22. [Entered at Stationer's Hall.] LONDON: JUNE 2, 1894. [Registered at the General Post Office as a Newspaper.] PRICE TWO PENCE.



SHE RETURNED THE FLOWERS.

How a Singer Repulsed the Persistent Attentions of a Masher.

The Mirror of Life
ACCURATE ILLUSTRATIONS OF LEADING EVENTS OF THE DAY

Published Weekly by
THE ALBION PUBLISHING COMPANY,
108, Fleet Street, London, E.C.

For the Week Ending
SATURDAY, JUNE 2, 1894.

RATES TO SUBSCRIBERS.

"The Mirror of Life" will be sent to any address in the United Kingdom at the following rates:—

One Year, Post Free ...	10s. 6d.
Six Months, ditto ...	5s. 3d.
Three Months, ditto ...	2s. 8d.

ADVERTISING RATES.

One inch, per insertion 10s. 6d.
Special Contracts made for Three Months.
Our Advertising space will be limited.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Portraits of people prominent in the sporting and theatrical world are acceptable, and all portraits sent must be accompanied by a complete record to ensure publication. All sketches and news of an interesting character throughout Great Britain will be liberally paid for, if used All communications must be accompanied by the sender's name and address to ensure absolute confidence, and addressed "The Editor, The Mirror of Life," 108, Fleet Street, London, E.C.

13 WEEKS 13

Send 2s. 8d. to the Mirror of Life, 108, Fleet Street, E.C., and the paper will be sent you, post free, for thirteen weeks.

If you experience any difficulty in obtaining The Mirror of Life regularly off your newsagent, please send us the name and address of the agent whom you trade with, and we shall see that he receives his supply weekly.

OUR MOTTO.

"Be Just and Fearless."

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

J. J. (Belfast.)—We shall send paper as you request.
S. (Birmingham.)—See p. 9.
J. W. (Nottingham.)—We shall do as you request.
B. T. (Liverpool.)—Send portrait.
C. (Birmingham.)—Frank Craig, the coffee cooler, will be placed in communication with you when he reaches this country.
L. A. (Cardiff.)—The life and battles of James J. Corbett, champion pugilist, will be forwarded to you post paid on receipt of 1s. by The Mirror of Life, 108, Fleet Street, London, E.C.
Reader.—James Rymer, the Marvel of Mile End, keeps a place on Church Street, Homerton, N.E.
P. L. (Leeds.)—We can't accept the "ad." you send us. It borders too close on the line of immorality.
K. (Brighton.)—Your proposition has been rejected.
S. W. G. (Manchester.)—"Ad." is too indecent. We shall not quote you price on thirteen insertions unless it is modified.
B. J. (Glasgow.)—Thanks for contribution.
Subscriber (Aberdeen.)—Read next week's Ring Gossip.

For several months past many of the wholesale newsagents throughout the kingdom have agitated a reduction in the selling price of The Mirror of Life, and suggested that if the paper was placed upon the market at twopence it would immediately run into an enormous circulation. We have been very well satisfied with the circulation at the higher price, but finally concluded to cater for a large sale. Last week we produced our first twopenny number, and published three times as many copies as we had the week previous. When notified of the proposed reduction, newsagents at once increased their orders, which were filled on Tuesday afternoon. Our formes were lifted that night to prepare for the present number, and much to our surprise the demand was so great on Wednesday that the edition was entirely sold out before noon. Several orders were received by telegram, so we were forced to limit the City supply. We feel proud that the British public are alive to the fact that The Mirror of Life is the best illustrated sporting journal published, and it will be our aim to improve on it as much as possible, from time to time. We propose to give the public what they have so long desired—a journal full of gossip and up to the times. Our staff of sporting editors comprise the best posted men in the kingdom, men who are in touch with all the prominent boxers, athletes, and sportsmen here and abroad. The information imparted is, therefore, authentic. "Chalk," the man who writes the predictions, is not a journalist, but a horseman, bred and born, and his connection with the turf enables him to keep our readers posted on all the doings of the various horses. Giving "tips" on form don't exactly count because it is hard to tell whether the real tip-top horse of a race is in good enough condition to have a "cut." He is hand and glove with owners, jockeys, and trainers, and what he fails to find out is not worth knowing. He don't guarantee absolute wins on any race, because such is beyond the power of man, but he gets there just the same.

* * *

Take general results, and at the end of 1894, you will freely acknowledge that our information on the turf, boxing, and athletics has been the very best obtainable; besides, we give you spicy sporting anecdotes, gossip about old timers, and, last but not least, sensational news. Can the paper be improved upon? Well, we think so, and for that reason you will find that every week's issue surpasses its predecessor.

* * *

James J. Corbett has scored a grand success in Scotland, and will return to us next week with lots of Scotch money. We hope the Islington people will patronise him as liberally as the Scotchmen have. He is a gentlemanly fellow, and, aside from his fistic ability, he deserves support. His proposed match with Peter Jackson is about as far from being a fixture to-day as it was three months ago. The only tangible move made has been by Jackson, who has increased the distance between himself and Corbett by 3,000 miles, because he is now in 'Frisco. They say a fair exchange is no robbery, so about the time we hear of Corbett's sailing back to Yankeeland we shall expect to receive advice of Jackson's departure from the States for England. No country is large enough to hold both men without producing a fight, and as a fight appears to be what both don't want, it will be in order for the men to keep each other posted as to their future movements.

* * *

"Be Jabers" they are going to bring Balfour back—at least, so say latest telegrams. Well, he has made a hard fight to maintain his residence in the Argentine republic, and much credit is due to the Scotland yard representative for so persistently hanging on, in such a warm country, till the South American authorities decided that a trip to England would be beneficial to Jabez.

* * *

We should advise all readers of The Mirror of Life to place a standing order for a copy weekly with their news agent. Such a move will save them disappointment. We are like good soldiers—we never look back but keep pressing forward.

* * *

Hair-dressing parlours and public-houses should always keep The Mirror of Life on file for the benefit of customers. Proprietors of such places will certainly find it to their advantage financially to accept this "tip," because the people who patronise such establishments frequently display an inclination to look over interesting journals, and The Mirror of Life is at the head of that list.

Mrs. Ray: "Don't you often tenderly recall the days which followed your engagement?"

Mr. Ray: "Oh, yes; but it doesn't compare to the daze which followed my marriage."

WILLIAM J. INNES, ESQ.

A Thorough Sportsman, Famous in Every English-speaking Country.

(With Portrait.)

No gentleman is better known in England, Australia, and America as a thorough-going sportsman than Mr. William James Innes, who for many years has contributed articles on sporting in the *News of the World* and other journals under the *nom de plume* of "Pegasus." He was born in London, August 26, 1840, and is therefore fifty-four years of age. When but thirteen years of age he studied medicine under Dr. Catherwood, the lung specialist, but being in easy circumstances, and having a desire to blossom forth as a sportsman, he studied but three years and then took to rowing as an amateur. In 1857 he engaged in a race with Mr. Watson for a silver cup and met with defeat. Not disheartened, he entered several contests, and came off with first honours. He was one of a four-oared crew which defeated the Arundel Club crew from Putney to Mortlake, December 10, 1860. The average weight of the Arundels was 10st 5lb, whilst Mr. Innes' crew averaged 8st. It was due to the efforts of Mr. Innes that Harry Kelly, William Spencer, David Godwin, Perkins, Joe Sadler, Largan, Clasper, Tom Blackman, Joe Cannon, and Wallace Ross became famous as scullers. He also furnished the support of Edward Hanlan and others. He has been prominently identified with every boat-race of importance that has been rowed here during the past thirty years, and it was mainly through his patronage that sculling races were popular. His vast knowledge of sculling has enabled him to impart excellent advice to many oarsmen, who made rapid strides to the front ranks under his directions.

Through his efforts the Beckwith family were brought to the front; and in a running race of 440 yards on October 16, 1865, Mr. Innes defeated Joe Stockwell, whom he afterwards backed and developed into a champion short-distance walker. Sculling, swimming, and pedestrianism were not the only branches of sport Mr. Innes became interested in, but he took to turf matters, making a notable win over Glenbuck in the City and Suburban in 1859, and was also a staunch supporter of Foxhall. Coomassie was his favourite at coursing.

The first billiard handicap promoted by the Victoria Club in 1871 was won by Mr. Innes. He also finished first in many of Albert Club contests. During the past twenty years he has framed all or nearly all of the Albert Club billiard handicaps.

For an all-round sportsman there is none capable of coping with Mr. Innes, and no man has ever done so much as he to elevate all branches on land or water. He is a member of the Albert, National Sporting, and other exclusive clubs in London, and amongst the fraternity in this, as well as other countries, he is held in high esteem. The American scullers who visited this country some years ago were proud to be favoured with his patronage. Being the soul of honour himself, and a lover of fair play, he would never lend himself to anything that was not open and above board. It is such gentlemen as Mr. Innes who keep sporting in good odour, and the English people fully appreciate the fact, too.

OPERA GLASS IMPUDENCE.

An Episode in a Theatre which Humiliated a Masher.

(Subject of Illustration.)

There is quite a ripple of enjoyment amongst a certain set in the South of England over the punishment dealt out to an offensive masher by the gallant lover of a comely and attractive maiden. Wherever the young lady appeared the masher was sure to be close at hand, and his persistent ways became so annoying to the fair one that she appealed to her lover to have an end put to the affair. Whilst the young lady and her intended husband were at the theatre the other evening the masher turned up and secured a seat in the row in front of the couple. He levelled his opera glasses at the lady, and stared so persistently that the gentleman became determined to have his revenge. Excusing himself he left the theatre, secured a ball syringe loaded with strong ammonia water, and then returned ready for action. Instead of watching the performance he kept his glasses levelled at the object of his intentions. This so enraged the gentleman that he gave the masher the benefit of a dose from the syringe full in the face. The masher cried out with pain, and then appeared to be half-choked. He quitted the theatre as rapidly as possible in order to obtain relief from fresh water. He didn't complain, and won't cause a warrant to be issued because he is really the guilty one, but it has amused the people who were there to witness the affair, and they all declare he was served as he deserved to be.

SHE RETURNED THE FLOWERS.

How a Singer Repulsed the Persistent Attentions of a Masher.

(Subject of Illustration.)

An incident out of the general run and not on the programme occurred at a theatre a short time back. A clever and pretty singer had been pestered with the attentions of a masher who had attended every evening's performance, and invariably secured a seat close to the stage. At first he took occasion to throw a bouquet of flowers to the object of his admiration, after she had rendered a song. Receiving no encouragement, he became bolder each evening, till finally he handed up a basket of flowers, and to the handle was tied a card requesting the fair charmer to meet him after the performance and join him in a champagne supper. The fair vocalist stepped forward to the footlights, upon reading the card, and pointing to the masher, exclaimed, "I'll not meet you to-night or any other night, and if, in future, you desire to communicate with me, do so through my husband." The audience, and even the members of the orchestra roared with laughter, and it was some little time before the performance was allowed to continue. In the meantime, the masher, wearing a monocle in his right eye, arose and made a hasty exit from the theatre, being made the target of all manner of remarks while passing out. It served the masher a good lesson, and it will likely be some time before he ventures into that or any other theatre.

THE AMATEUR ANGLER.

How he Describes Excursions, and Where he really Catches his Fish.

(Subject of Illustration.)

Nearly everybody enjoys a fishing excursion, not so much for what they catch, but to have a real good outing, far from business cares, which is the perfection of recreation. The only way to derive any sport from such an excursion is to be one of a party of, say, a dozen. The question of bait is of but little moment because the bait most desirable may be procured at any public-house. To let the amateur angler tell how he fishes one would imagine him sitting for hours close to the water's edge waiting for a bite, but he does his real fishing in camp, and the bait on hand is for the refreshment of himself and his companions when over a game of cards. It is always an easy matter to hire someone close to camp to catch a batch of fish, and they are devoured by the party, along with other food that is brought along. If a man happens to fish and catches two or three small members of the finny tribe he pictures it to his friend as a grand catch; when the friend tells the story he exaggerates it to such an extent that the catch is made to appear sufficiently large to supply the entire neighbourhood with fish for a fortnight. It is amusing to watch the amateur angler when he returns to town empty-handed. Does he go home? Not at all; he will stop at some large fish market and make a purchase of enough to silence the tongue of his wife when he strolls into his home. It is a frequent occurrence for the better half to examine the fish "caught," and not uncommon for her to discern a strong odour, which is pretty sure to prompt her to remark that it was high time the fish was caught, otherwise it would have gone bad with old age. Fishing excursions are fascinating, and indulged in by many who go not to see how many they can capture, but for the real sport and recreation that is in keeping with the trip.

WARRANTED GENTLE AND KIND.

How a Horse Trader was Caught Napping and Kicked.

(Subject of Illustration.)

A good story is told on a horse trader who was trying to dispose of a fractious animal he had in his stable. The animal possessed some very bad habits and could not be trusted, and, being desirous of disposing of him, he invited several people to look the beast over at dusk. It was a splendid appearing animal, and was warranted to show excellent speed on the road. He ran off several times, and otherwise acted in a manner wholly unsafe for anybody to trust him alone at any time. Entering the stable he proceeded to the stall and then began talking to the animal preparatory to leading him out into the yard. Before he could realise what had occurred the trader received both of the heels of the hind legs of the animal so forcibly as to knock him clean across the stable. The trader was in no humour to offer any argument, and was eventually compelled to put the animal up at auction, to be knocked down to the highest bidder, with all his faults fairly explained.

MEMOIRS OF TOM JONES.

Tom, otherwise known as Paddington Jones, fought many battles in his time, and for seven years victory crowned all his attempts. The ring in Hyde Park was the principal spot where he contended for glory, and in which he sported his figure no less than nineteen times, independent of entering the lists in various other parts of the country with several other distinguished pugilists.

The hero of this sketch was born at Paddington in 1770, stood 5ft 10in, and fought at 10st 5lb. Tom commenced boxing when quite a youth, and, from the intuitive science which he displayed at that early period, attracted the notice of Tom Johnson, who pronounced him to be a promising pugilist. The trifling skirmishes of Jones are too numerous to be noticed, so that his stake money efforts will be narrated.

His first regular battle was in 1785 with Ned Holmes, in the fields of Paddington, when the latter scored a victory. In order to recover the mortification of defeat he again met Holmes and reversed matters.

One of the Life Guards, who had been vaunting of his great deeds of pugilistic note at Tom Johnson's house, near Lincoln's Inn Fields, was told by Joe Ward, in answer to his boast, that he would produce a boy that should soon take the conceit out of him; accordingly a match was made, and Jones brought forward as the neat article to serve out the Lobster. It was to have been decided in the street, but was removed to Harley Fields. Upon stripping, the Guardsman smiled with contempt at his boy-like antagonist, and with his long arms had the advantage for the first part of the battle, and dealt out some severe punishment, but the science and bottom of Tom soon stopped his career. After a most desperate conflict, which was witnessed by most of the celebrated pugilists of that day, who were astonished at the intrepidity displayed by Jones in milling his opponent in about fifteen minutes.

Shortly afterward Jones fought Jack Blackwall in the same fields, and, although Blackwall showed off complete ruffianism in the battle, Tom easily gained the victory. Immediately the battle was over Tom Burley, a companion of Blackwall, and a complete ruffian, entered the ring and challenged Jones. He resorted to downright force, but Jones warded off his attacks so cleverly, and put in his blows with so much science and execution, that Burley requested Tom to leave off.

A match was made between a one eyed sailor, a determined boxer, and Tom Jones, for ten guineas a-side, in 1786, which was decided in Hyde Park. The contest proved to be a desperate one indeed, and the sailor considered as ugly a customer as ever stood up for a mill; but, in the event, Jones was declared the victor.

Jones, in company with Pardo Wilson, anxious to witness the fight between Hooper and Bunner, at Bently Green, walked down to Colchester, and was extremely stiff from the effects of his journey. On the next day, a man of the name of Abraham Chalice, standing 6ft high and weighing 14st, a perfect terror to the inhabitants of that part of the country, and who had committed several excesses, from his great strength, observing Jones on the race-ground, and to show his dexterity, out of mere wantonness endeavoured to trip Jones up by the heels; he otherwise insulted him and threatened to give him a good hiding. They finally set-to, and for three rounds Chalice had the advantage, but in the fourth Jones put in a tremendous hit under Chalice's ear that knocked him down, when Tom Johnson offered to back Jones for £100. Chalice, on standing up, appeared much confused, and Tom served him out in the same style, and continued punishing him every round till he could scarcely move, and acknowledged he had never received such a complete milling before. Those who witnessed the contest were so pleased that this insolent fellow, who had rendered himself so disgusting at out that neighbourhood, had received a good thrashing, that they immediately made a subscription purse which amounted to thirty guineas and presented it to Jones for his bravery.

On May 14, 1792, immediately after the fight of Mendoza and Ward, in Smitham Bottom, near Croydon, upon the same stage, Jones fought Caleb Baldwin. The battle was for a purse of £20, but a dispute arising between the parties, although Baldwin claimed the victory, it was given in as a drawn battle.

In Paddington fields a good battle took place between Jack Aldridge and Jones for six guineas a-side, when Aldridge was severely beaten.

Soon after this contest Jones entered the ring, in Hyde Park, with Dick Horton, for twenty guineas. Jones dealt out his hits so hard and fast that Horton was glad to cry enough!

Jones fought Lyons, the Jew, upon a stage at Hounslow, for twenty guineas. Tom Johnson was second to Jones. It was a well-contested battle, in which much science and bottom were displayed on both sides; but, in the event, Jones proved the conqueror.

Lyons, in the second attempt, upon Blackheath, with Jones, was severely beaten. He was a bottom pugilist, and a boxer above mediocrity.

Simpson, a pupil of Tom Johnson's, upon whom considerable expectations had been raised, was matched against Jones for ten guineas a side, which battle was decided on the Green, near Putney. It was termed a good fight, and Tom proved the conqueror.

Jones was matched in London to fight George Nicholls, who had beaten Tom Cribb. Mendoza and Johnson took Tom down to Lansdown, neer Bath, for that purpose; but upon the combatants stripping, and just as they were about commencing the set-to, the following singular circumstance occurred: Nicholls cried out "Stop!" and, observing that Jones was above his weight, declared he would not fight him; he immediately left the ring, to the astonishment and disappointment of the spectators.

Tom Jones fought Yokel, the Jew, at Hounslow, for ten guineas a side. This was one of the most terrible conflicts in which Tom had been engaged. Yokel was a desperate punisher, and Jones suffered severely in the fight; but, notwithstanding, Yokel gave in.

George Stringer challenged Jones, and which battle was decided in Paddington Fields. Stringer contended hard to obtain the victory; but he fell, like many others, beneath the potent arm of Jones.

On the renowned Jem Belcher's appearance in the metropolis as a pugilist, Tom Jones was the man selected to have the first set-to with him, which took place at Old Oak Common, Wormwood Scrubbs, on April 12, 1799.

Belcher was seconded by Bill Warr, and Bill Gibbons acted as his bottle-holder. Jones had for his attendants Joe Ward and Dick Hall. Belcher was at this period only nineteen years of age. The odds were, upon setting to, 6 to 4 on Jem. The spectators were much interested upon the commencement of the battle, from the very high character which had been promulgated by Bill Warr upon the astonishing abilities that his pupil possessed, and the feats which he had achieved at Bristol. In the first round considerable science was displayed by both sides—the experience and skill of Jones were well portrayed; and the dexterity and new mode of fighting, so exclusively Belcher's own, were soon exhibited; but on the termination of the round Belcher was knocked down. The advantages in the second and third rounds were perfectly reciprocal; but in the fourth and fifth Jones was levelled. In the sixth and seventh rounds Jones showed off in most excellent style, and the amateurs experienced some of the finest displays of the art; he saw, what always should appear prominent in trials of skill, manliness and fortitude.

The eighth and ninth were spiritedly contested; but, in the tenth round, Belcher put in some tremendous hits, with the rapidity of lightning. This immediately altered the appearance of things. Jem was looked upon as the favourite, and the odds were laid upon him accordingly. Yet Jones nobly contested for victory for the space of thirty-three minutes before he gave in. Jem scaled 12st 6lb, and Jones 10st 5lb. It should not escape notice that Jones stood up to Belcher, before he lost his eye, a considerably longer time than any other man ever did.

Notwithstanding the numerous lists of battles which have been mentioned, it does not appear that Paddington Jones ever made pugilism his peculiar profession: but always industriously followed through life his occupation, and was much respected by his friends for his civility and good nature. In point of appearance Jones was a very good-looking man, and of a prepossessing nature, and lived to a ripe old age.

As a pugilist, Jones was entitled to most honourable mention, as being a perfect master of the science, and with bottom of the first quality. He turned out some good pupils, and himself proved the conqueror in all his numerous battles, excepting only two instances; and no man appeared oftener in the character of a second than Tom Jones, and few, it is claimed, understood that duty better than he did.

PRECEPTRESS: "The wife of a French Count is a Countess; and now, young ladies, tell me what is the wife of an English Duke?"

Chorus of Pupils: "An American heiress."

SPORTING ANECDOTES.

DEFAULTING SPORTS HUNG IN A BASKET.—In "Cheney's Racing Calendar," published in 1743, there are rules and orders governing cocking mains. We reproduce Article XIII. "Item, if any man lay more money than he hath to pay, or cannot satisfy the party with whom he laid, either by his credit or some friend's word, then he is to be put in a basket, to be provided for that purpose, and to be hanged up in that basket in some convenient place in the cock-pit, that all may know him during the time of play that day; and, also, the party so offending never to be admitted to come into the pit until he hath made satisfaction."

* * *

SPORTING INTREPIDITY.—A singular contest took place between Mrs. Thornton and Mr. Flint, in 1804, which stood, for many years, a remarkable display of female intrepidity. An intimacy existed between the families of Colonel Thornton and Mr. Flint, the two ladies being sisters, when the latter gentleman frequently partook of the exhilarating bottle of the hospitable board of Thornville royal. In the course of one of their equestrian excursions in Thornville Park, the lady of Colonel Thornton and Mr. Flint were conversing on the qualities of their respective horses, and the difference of opinion was great, so the horses were occasionally put at full speed, for the purpose of ascertaining the point in question. Old Vingarillo, aided by the skill of the fair rider, distanced his antagonist every time, which so discomfited Mr. Flint that he challenged the lady to ride on a future day. Colonel Thornton accepted the challenge, and they agreed that the race should take place on the last day of the York August Meeting, 1804. The match was announced in the following manner:—"A match for 500 guineas and 1,000 guineas bye—four miles—between Colonel Thornton's Vingarillo, and Mr. Flint's br. h. Thornville, by Volunteer. Mrs. Thornton to ride her weight, against Mr. Flint's."

On Saturday, August 25, 1804, the race took place and drew at least 100,000 people. The lady took the lead for upwards of three miles. Her horse, however, had much the shorter stride of the two. When within a mile of home, Mr. Flint pushed forward and got the lead, which he kept. Mrs. Thornton used every exertion, but finding it impossible to win the race, she drew up in a sportsmanlike style when within about two distances. At the commencement odds were laid on the lady, and no less than £200,000 were pending upon the result. The race was run in 9min 59sec.

* * *

LORD ORFORD AND HIS "FOUR-IN-HAND."—In the early part of the nineteenth century no man sacrificed so much time or property on practical sporting as the Earl of Orford. Incessantly engaged in the pursuit of sport and new inventions, he introduced more novelties than any man ever did. Among his experiments of fancy was a determination to drive four red deer stags in a phaeton instead of horses, and these he reduced to perfect discipline for his excursions and short journeys on the road; but unfortunately, as he was one day driving to Newmarket, their ears were saluted with a cry of a pack of hounds, which, soon after crossing the road in the rear, caught scent of the "four-in-hand," and commenced a new kind of chase, with "breast-high" alacrity. The novelty of the scene was beyond description; in vain did his lordship exert all his charioteering skill—reins, trammels, and the weight of the carriage were of no effect, for they went with the celerity of a whirlwind. Luckily his lordship had been accustomed to drive this set of "fiery-eyed steeds" to the Ram Inn, at Newmarket, which was fortunately at hand. In the yard they suddenly bounded, to the dismay of ostlers and stableboys, who seemed to have lost every faculty upon the occasion. They were, however, overpowered, and the stags, phaeton, and his lordship instantly huddled together in a barn, just as the hounds appeared in full cry at the gate.

* * *

HE CARRIED A RAZOR.—A good story is told about a Birmingham sporting character, who, at one time, was a pugilist of no mean ability, and fought many battles in the States fully twenty years ago, and has since made many trips there as adviser to some of our modern pugs. He was credited with carrying a razor as a weapon of defence, and, on entering the dining room of a well-known hotel in Liverpool during race week, two bookmakers hailed the veteran and remarked that their steaks were so tough that it was impossible to cut them with table knives. Without further parley the razor was brought forth and tendering it to the "bookies," said: "This 'ere will cut your blooming steak."

* * *

WOULD NEVER BE A MUG AGAIN.—Jake Schaefer, the American billiard champion, in former years made it a rule to wander through the different parts of the United States picking up mugs in the various cities and playing off-hand matches for as much money as was put in sight. He struck one of the large towns on the Pacific Coast, and hanging about the hotel billiard-room all evening, without securing a game, he finally retired for the night. About two o'clock in the morning a mug struck the rooms and offered to play any man in the house for £100. The hotel clerk roused Schaefer up, and down came the champion to play. When the game got well under weigh the mug said, "My name is Jake Schaefer. What might yours be?" "It might be Vignaux," said Jake; "but it is Ives." Jake played a pretty smart game and won the £100. This set the mug to thinking, and confronting Jake he said, "Give it to me correct, what is your name?" On being told he exclaimed, "Well, I'll be blowed, taken in at my own game. Have a drink, old chappie, and shake hands, because I'll never be a mug again."

* * *

HE WAS A GOOD JUDGE.—Speaking of umpires for cricket matches, a sporting writer says:—"A certain well-known barrister, in a village match thirty-five years ago, made a wager that he would get three men of the opposite side given out when they were not out. The umpire, it is needless to add, was a native, and the legal luminary on three occasions had the ball skied into the air before asking the decision, once for lbw, once for stumping, and once for a catch by the wicket-keeper. The bet was easily won, and then the tempter had another trial. The man at the wicket this time was really out lbw, but the umpire, when appealed to, answered, "You know he wasn't out, you dirty little dog!'"

EDWARD HANLAN.

The most Finished Sculler the World ever Produced.

(With Portrait.)

EDWARD HANLAN'S career is well known, so that it is hardly necessary to publish a list of his aquatic performances. He was, without a doubt, the most finished sculler that ever sat in a racing shell, and, up to the time of his defeat by Bill Beach, the Australian, he was regarded as invincible. Hanlan has retired from racing, and anticipates his nephew, Eddie Durnan, will attain a premier position in the aquatic world.

HARRY LAING.

Champion New Zealand Pugilist Killed whilst Alighting from a Train.

(With Portrait.)

HARRY LAING, the champion heavy-weight pugilist of New Zealand, was fatally injured while attempting to alight from a train while in motion near Wanganui, New Zealand, recently. Laing fell under a carriage, and both of his legs were cut off, causing almost immediate death. Laing was a quarter-cast Maori, and was born at Blenheim, New Zealand, thirty-two years ago. In the northern part of New Zealand he fought and defeated Shepherd, Headhouse, and Withey, a man weighing seventeen stone. Shortly after taking up his abode in Wanganui, Laing fought a great battle with Dillon, who held out for over an hour and a half before being compelled to cry enough. Then Mitchell—weighing fifteen stone—a mountain of bone and muscle—fell before his conquering arm. His next opponent, Teague, was knocked out in one round. It was from this date that Laing was called upon to tackle men who knew as much about the business as he did himself; but what he lacked in science he gained in strength, and only once was he really extended. His later battles were as follows: December 13, 1886, defeated Laurie, £20, in six rounds; May 9, 1887, defeated Pettengell, £200, in seven rounds; June 6, defeated Murphy, £40 a-side, in three rounds. All these fights took place at Wanganui. At Wellington, June 28, defeated Cunningham, £50, in seventeen rounds; and on October 18, defeated Richardson, £50, in eleven rounds. At Wanganui, on November 21, defeated Richardson, £50, in six rounds; January 5, 1888, defeated Mathews, £100 and championship belt, in four rounds. At Auckland, on March 29, defeated Mathews, £100 and championship, in one round and a half. Beaten by F. P. Slavin in five and a half rounds; beat Pettingell again, this time in Dunedin, in six rounds; beat "The Stranger" at Timaru in a round and a half; beat Francis in a round and a half; beat Orbell, for £25 a-side, in a round and a half. Fought Billy Smith at Wanganui. At the end of thirteen rounds the authorities stopped the contest; fought Smith an eight-round draw at Wellington. He went over to Victoria four years ago, and beat Owen Sullivan in forty-three rounds; beat "Starlight" in a round and a half at Brisbane; beat Wilson, the Ipswich champion, in two rounds, received £25 forfeit from "The Infant" in Brisbane; beat Starr at Parramatta in a little over a round; beat Joe Goddard in eleven rounds and a half, for £150, at the Cumberland Athletic Club on January 1, 1894. He stood 5ft 9in in height, and usually fought at 12st 10lb. His measurements were: Chest, 41½in; biceps, 15in; thigh, 23in; calf, 16in.

SODA-WATER FIGHT TO A FINISH.

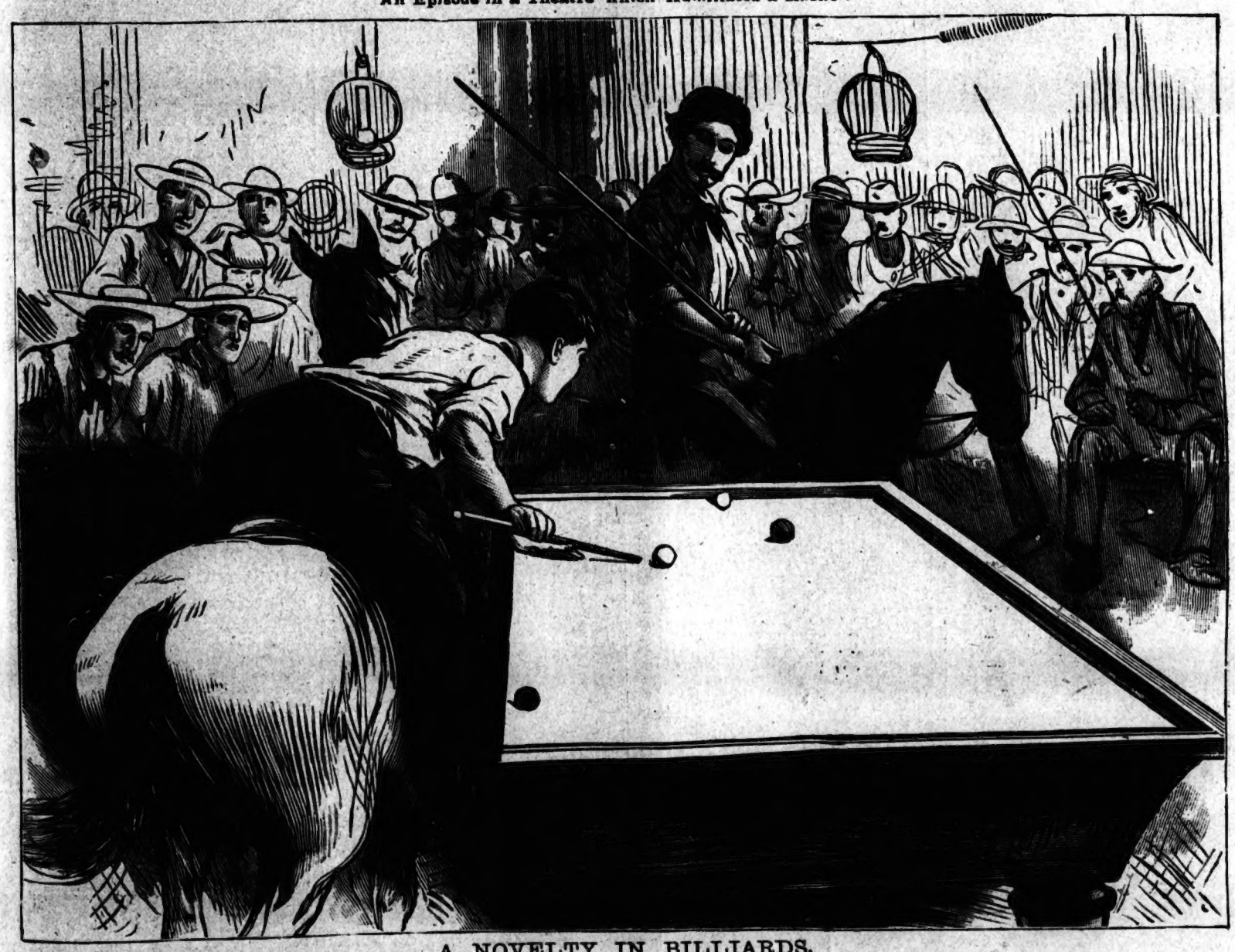
How Two Turf Followers Settled their Differences.

BOTH DUELS TO THE DEATH.

A Mexican Kills his Man Dog Fashion. Ross and Edgar Die Together.

OPERA GLASS IMPUDENCE.

An Episode in a Theatre which Humiliated a Masher.



A NOVELTY IN BILLIARDS.

How a Match was Played on Horseback to the Edification of the Cowboys.

HONEST SPORTS.

According to the South African newspapers just to hand, the big handicap at Johannesburg must have been an exciting affair, as a blanket could have covered the first five horses, and Dorothy Fox appears to have been unlucky to lose it. She was left six lengths at the start, and finished fourth.

The Dorothy Fox party have had their revenge since, as she has won the Brokers' Handicap at Johannesburg and the Flying Stakes and Criterion Plate at Pretoria. In two of these races the winner of the Johannesburg Handicap ran second to her, and the finishes were stiff tussles.

It would appear that they weigh up English form pretty well over there, as Dorothy Fox since she made her debut in South Africa twelve months ago has won four races by a head, ran two dead-heats, and lost two races by a short head.

* * *

William, who just at this time last year was a much-fancied candidate for the Derby, and was within an ace of being sold for 6,000 guineas and contingencies, performed like the most worthless brute in training in a trial recently, and for racing purposes is not worth a row of pins.

* * *

The Earl of Lonsdale has joined the Royal Southampton Yacht Club. He recently purchased the Earl of Dunraven's racing cutter *Deidrei*.

* * *

Jake Gaudaur, the American Champion Sculler, issues a challenge to row any man in the world a single-scull race for 2,500 dols. a-side, or he will take Edie Durnan as a partner, and scull in doubles against any pair in England for a like sum.

* * *

Antonia Pierri, the Greek, is here and seeks a match at catch-as-catch-can wrestling for a suitable sum of money and gate receipts.

* * *

J. H. Humphries, known as young Hosier, and Billy Hall, of Wandsworth, engaged in a sculling match over the Thames Course May 21 for £10. The start was effected by mutual consent, and Humphries at one hundred yards led by a length and a half. Reaching the Eyot five lengths separated them, but the Surrey station served Hall, and he drew rapidly up to his opponent. At the Ship (Chiswick) they were level, and Hall, full of rowing, drew out, and eventually won by about four lengths.

* * *

Peter Fernie and Douglas Rolland decided their golf match on May 22, at Wimbledon, it being one of 36 holes. Rolland was in great form, and finished the first round 8 holes up. After lunch they started for the second round; but although Fernie halved the first three holes and won the fourth, he failed to hold Rolland, who finally went away and won by 10 holes up and 8 to play. But for bad luck in being stimied twice and having to lift and lose on two occasions, Rolland would havedone a marvellous performance. As it was, his scores were very fine, viz., 82 for the first round and 77 for the second —159. Rolland also won the bye. Had Fernie holed out he would have done two 84's—168.

* * *

G. P. Mills reached London on May 23, having easily succeeded in the task on which he started from Edinburgh at 5.20 am. on the morning of May 22, viz., that of beating R. H. Carlisle's Edinburgh to London record of 32h 55min, accomplished in 1892. The time taken by Mills was 29h 28min, or 2h 27min faster than Carlisle's previous best. Mills rode a Humber safety, fitted with Clincher tyres.

* * *

Walter C. Dohm, the American amateur champion, died at Denver, Col., on Wednesday night, May 9, he having gone there last November in the hope of gaining relief from the pulmonary troubles from which he had for some time been a sufferer. His remains were brought East to his old home at Princeton, N.J., where the funeral and interment took place on Monday afternoon, May 14, from the Second Presbyterian Church. The *New York Clipper*, commenting on his death, says: "In the demise of Mr. Dohm America loses one of the finest amateur athletes that ever put on a running shoe—a man who possessed remarkable speed, coupled with splendid courage, and one who always bore with commendable modesty the high honours he had so bravely won." Deceased was a native of Princeton, where he was born on March 27, 1869, so that he was but little more than twenty-five years of age when he was cut down, the victim, in large measure, of over-training. W. C. Dohm's best performance was his record one for the half-mile of 1min 54½sec, made in New York City on September 19, 1891.

* * *

Mr. Escourt, city analyst of Manchester, reports that he is unable to trace the cause which led to the death of Pensioner. If further investigation is ordered, several weeks will have to elapse before a definite opinion can be expressed.

A 36 holes golf match between Douglas Rolland and J. H. Taylor, was decided May 25, at Mitcham, when Taylor won, after a grand game, by 3 holes up and 1 to play. Taylor had the honour, and drove off with a splendid shot, Rolland following in fine form. The hole was halved in 5. Taylor won the second, third, fourth, and fifth holes; but the sixth was halved, and Rolland secured the seventh. The eighth was halved, but the next went to Taylor, who was thus 4 holes up at the turn. The homeward half was stubbornly fought out, but Taylor finished the 18 holes 6 up. Scores so far: Taylor 85, Rolland 94. On re-starting, after luncheon, Rolland had better luck, and won the first hole in 5 to 6. The second, third, fourth, fifth, and sixth were halved. Rolland won the seventh, and the eighth and ninth were halved, leaving Taylor, thus far, 4 up with 9 to play. The feature of the game, however, was Rolland's 39 for the outward half—5 strokes better than Bogey score. Rolland played up so splendidly that he was only 1 down at the fifteenth hole. Taylor won the sixteenth, however, making him "dormy," and, taking the next, he won the match by 3 holes up and 1 to play. Rolland's second round in 81, however, is record for the green. The full scores were: Taylor, 168; Rolland, 175.

* * *

A match in which Mr. Charles Hannam backed himself to kill fifty pigeons out of 100 at 30 yards rise took place at the cricket ground at Newmarket, May 23, and, the inclement state of the elements notwithstanding, a large company watched the fluctuating chances of the shooter. The stake at issue was £400, which Mr. Hannam won by two birds, killing fifteen of the last twenty birds shot at.

TURF NOTES.

YORK.

Bath and Somerset.

Salisbury, Doncaster AND Harpenden.

ANTICIPATIONS.

FINALS.

The offer to take odds that the favourite does not win the Derby has become less easy of acceptance as the hour approaches, but the foregone conclusion is not all over—so think they who have watched the preparation of Matchbox, and, thoroughly fit, it may be a closer event than last year. Everything at its best, Ladas should win as easily as did Isinglass, in fact, he may be said to have tried and beaten all those who will oppose him this day week, and the best, when attempting to reach his head, have failed either in speed or stamina. As anticipated in these columns, Stowmarket's form in the Payne Stakes was good, but came as a surprise to many, and by winning so easily in a canter from St. Hilaire and King Charibert, he appears to hold the chance to upset the second division for place honours; the extra distance, if staying be his forte, should render a good account of Arcano, Styx, Hornbeam and others. The Hastings Plate running will also bear inspection, and in both cases his victories were so complete that it is difficult to say how much in hand this improved colt held at the finish of his journeys. In the Newmarket Stakes, St. Florian, in the absence of the others, secured the 450 sovs for second place; but his chance of improving on this in the same company is remote. Galloping Dick, in the same interest, is uncertain, but may take his own part, and the hope that either one or the other will defeat the favourite must be forlorn indeed. Athlone declined his last engagement, but this is one of the improving sort, and, with a few more gallops, will be ready to carry the white and gold stripes to the front. Hornbeam is bred to stay, but will have to show excellence of a different kind if he be the Sir Hugo in disguise. His last display completely put him out of court, and, as a likely one, must be passed by this time. The same may be said of Styx, whose best public trial was in the Gimcrack Stakes last August, and, later, he divided with Simonburn the Granby Plate, so that there is little to recommend. Again, nothing warrants the idea that Arcano will overthrow his conquerors of last year in the Coventry Stakes. Great interest, however, will attach itself in the event of Gouvernail opposing, and an international contest would result; but the market offers have passed unheeded, and appearances point to his declining the honour; even should he start, and win, we should be equally pleased, because his sire, The Bard, was a popular hero here, and only fell to the mighty Ormonde; thus the French named colt would prove the English breed to be still the best obtainable, and, if successful, would be well received. At present, nothing can disturb the favourite, who, I think, will not only win but, do so easily. Matchbox and Athlone may follow him home.

One of the last days of the Spring Meetings will be concluded to-day, Wednesday, at York, and in the three unclosed events the running of the previous day will be the best guide. The Flying Dutchman's Handicap, one mile, makes up in quantity what it lacks in quality, and Dornroschen, with top-weight, after Saturday's venture is scarcely worth attention. Old Hoppy will have plenty to do to beat the three-year-olds, and Reliance is so well in that if sent can scarcely fail to score. Malchus and Waterfall II. have both good credentials for such company, and have ran well over this course. The Londesborough Stakes will hardly bring out a big field, and the sensational Self Sacrifice, with Xury, may stop others from competing. In the Eglinton Stakes Jack Snipe has plenty of weight, but at the bottom Felicia, whose second to Lottie's Dude at 3lb, looks a pinch.

The Bath Meeting promises to be well patronised, and in the Somersetshire Stakes Pot Luck, Convent, and Theseus have best paper chances, but United, with 12lb extra, may stand down. Tudor does not suffer much by the additional 2lb raised all round, and will have a look in. Sixteen have been entered for the Bath Welter Handicap; Maffio, on his Epsom form, and Santa Luna, in a mixed lot, look likely to take honours. The same remark applies to Oatlands and Gold Hackle in the Dyrham Park Mile Plate. The Western Stakes, Jack Snipe, Nugget, Pigeon Pie, and Lady Marie will afford scope for speculation, and of the other two-year-olds, Dalnassie, Bumble Bee, and Silo, in the Lansdown Two-Year-Old Stakes, might prove to be the best of the fifteen left in. On Thursday the venue will be changed to the Plains of Salisbury. The Stewards' Plate is a welter, and in going over the list Miss Patty will be useful, next to whom Rivalry and La Belle Sarah invite attention. Varangian may here upset the more fancied ones, and, with the pull in the weights, should go close. In the Wiltshire Plate, Tortoise was once speedy, but may now be stale, and will have to be reckoned with if sent to the post. Weyhill may not be out of it, and Ingebrigt's late successes may indicate his worth. For the City Bowl, the unlucky number thirteen are present, and the three-year-olds may finish in front. Winford, Foulard, and Trionfi, the latter with a trifle the best of it, may show favourably in the mile spin. Maggie Duggan, Small Mint, and Nugget in the Salisbury Stakes may contest, and Lothair should also hold a good chance in a small field. The National Hunters' Flat Race, Ben Wyvis, Sea Wall, and Instep, I like the first-named best, and on Friday, in the Salisbury Cup, Good Lad, Oatlands, Ben Shie, and Morello are the pick from which the winner may spring. The New Stand Selling Welter Handicap, if at his best Delaval might account for it, in whose absence Kilrosa or Skill should be worth following. The two and three-year-olds will try conclusions in the Longford Maiden Plate where Tyrian, Bennitthorpe, and Royal Sovereign may get placed. In the Welter Park Stakes Small Mint has to concede 7lb to the speedy Amy Roberts, and T. Cannon should provide a dangerous one. At the Doncaster Meeting, the attraction for the Spring Handicap Plate may bring out a good field, and here Bushey Park should atone for past defeats: of the others, King Charibert and Royal Marine should both try the Sandall Mile. Harpenden will be the happy hunting ground of the North Londoners on Friday, and although good entries have been received, fields at this meeting have ruled small; at one time it had some bearing on the Epsom fixture, but has fallen into a less portentious position than formerly, and the stakes at their present value do not invite the competition among owners.

Below will be found the various selections for the week and with these finals—may hope to anticipate the verdict.

YORK.—WEDNESDAY.

The Flying Dutchman's Handicap,
Reliance,
King Charibert, and Hawkesbury.
The Londesborough Stakes,
Self Sacrifice,
Xury, and Alistair.
The Eglinton Stakes,
Felicia,
Accurate, and Balisarda.

BATH AND SOMERSET.

The Somersetshire Stakes,
Convent,
Theseus, and Pot Luck.
The Bath Welter Handicap Plate,
Santa Luna,
Prank, and Maffio.
The Dyrham Park Mile Maiden Plate,
Montpensier,
Oatlands and Gold Hackle.
The Weston Stakes,
Lady Marie,
Edict and Nugget.
The Lansdown Two-Year-Old Stakes,
Dalnassie,
Bumble Bee and Tall Talk.

SALISBURY.—THURSDAY.

The Stewards' Plate,
Miss Patty,
John Morgan and Varangian.
The Wiltshire Plate,
Mistral,
Tortoise and White Wings.
The City Bowl,
Trionfi,
Foulard and Winford.
The Salisbury Stakes,
Lothair,
Small Mint and Maggie Duggan.
A National Hunt Flat Race,
Ben Wyvis,
Marienbad and Sea Wall.

DONCASTER.

The Doncaster Spring Handicap,
Bushey Park,
Molly Morgan and Street Singer.
The Doncaster Stakes,
Self Sacrifice,
Xury and Glengall.
The Hopeful Stakes,
Tain,
Sardis, and Samola.
The Zetland Stakes,
Midgway,
Gawrey, and Carlton Grange.

FRIDAY.

The Salisbury Cup,
Ben Shie,
Oatlands, and Good Lad.
The New Stand Selling Welter Handicap,
Delaval,
Kilrosa, and Sarabanda.
The Longford Maiden Plate,
Tyrian,
Bennitthorpe, and Royal Sovereign.
The Wilton Park Stakes,
Small Mint,
Amy Roberts, and Queen of the Chaco.

FRIDAY.

The Portland Stakes,
Horatio,
Alistair, and Mint Essence.
The Chesterfield Handicap Plate,
Dendoscope,
Low Moor, Barnardo.
The Scurry Stakes,
Colleague,
Cunctator, and Disturbance.
The Fitzwilliam Stakes,
Kilcock,
Fabia, and Philomath.

HARPENDEN MEETING.

The Harpenden Town Handicap,
Calne,
Golden Legend, and Skirt Dance.
The Hertfordshire Handicap,
The Rays,
Bach and Improver.
The High Firs Mile Maiden Plate,
Tours,
Portumnus and Modra,
The Alexandra Stakes,
Bragmarde,
Monitor and Leyden.
The Rothamstead Stakes,
False Face,
Glance Shot and Una Boat.

CHALK.

NOT GENERALLY KNOWN.

— That Harry Spurdon had a skinful of booze when he fought Darkey Barton the other night, and that when in condition he can beat a roomful of Bartons.

— That The Mirror of Life trebled its circulation last week, and when the edition went out of print copies sold at a premium.

— That there is an American confidence man in London who would skin coppers off a dead man's eyes, and we shall shortly produce a sketch of his career.

— That advertising pays in The Mirror of Life, because it means increased business to advertisers.

— That The Mirror of Life is the best sporting weekly published.

— That Corbett and Jackson should accept the £3,000 purse and fight.

— That there is many a slip betwixt the cup and the lip, and those who don't order The Mirror of Life in advance are very liable to get the slip.

— That Arthur Cullan wants to fight, and is ready for any 9st 7lb man.

— That Bill Moore is a good finish-fighter.

— That Corbett is making money in Scotland.

— That he who hesitates is lost, therefore sportsmen shouldn't hesitate to get our spicy paper weekly.

— That we have no champions or pets to boom and use everybody just.

— That James Rymer wants Teddy Wick to say when he will be ready for that shaving competition.

BOTH DUELS TO THE DEATH.

A Mexican Kills his Man Dog Fashion. Ross and Edgar Die Together.

(Subject of Illustration.)

Fort Benton, Montana, is in the Western part of the United States, and in 1878 it was a nervous and sleepless town. It was playing to the limit. It was the entrepot for all the goods that came into and went from an empire of unsettled territory. It was at the head of navigation on the Missouri River, and it still holds that geographical distinction, unimportant now because there is no more business for navigators. From its hills were dusty trails marked with flying coaches, and the canvas-covered wagons of slow moving bull trains. Its levees were piled high with goods for waiting steamers beneath; its streets were lined with miners, adventurers, gamblers, traders, and that restless society that seek new climes for reasons best known to itself. And so it was until the iron march of the locomotive crossed the valleys and tunnelled the hills and left new centres of commerce in its wake.

Now Fort Benton is but a grim and hopeless shadow of its former glory. Sand bars removed by the Government at the cost of millions again stretch their muddy lines to the sunshine. The reign of that autocrat, the river pilot, is lost in the love of the old timers. A steamboat is as rare a sight as one of the dark and billowy herds of buffalo that quenched their thirst at the river banks.

They the few who are lef. where hundreds worked—will tell you that some day the people, like the lost tribes of Israel, will return to Fort Benton. You will not believe it. You will see only pitiful evidence of decay. Along the levee is Front Street, once a real thoroughfare of trade, and now a grass-grown lane. At one end is the old Overland Hotel, a two-storey structure of logs split and whitewashed to give colour and finish to the interior, and rough-hewn without to tell the passing tourist of the common architecture in the Overland's best days. It was a famous inn, and its dust-worn walls were the background for startling scenes. In the bar-room, an apartment that combined the hotel office, reading room, and wash room, took place many gun-fights between the best-known desperadoes of the country, political speeches from early politicians, and such gambling as would make the games nowadays seem as dull as jack straws or dominoes.

It was in this historic room of the Overland that two famous duels were started in one day between four men as nervy and determined as ever drew guns on the frontier. They were George Ross, "Little" Edgar Erwin, John F. Roger, better known as "Aces Up," and a half-breed Mexican monte dealer, Manuel, or "The Californian Greaser." All were gamblers and thoroughbred fighters of a class now fast disappearing. Ross had come from Colorado a few years before with a well-grounded reputation as a bad man. He was known to have turned several graveyards into business centres, and was the friend of undertakers and sextons. Erwin was a man of the same class, of quieter disposition, but quite as desperate. He was of slight build, extremely nervous, and as quick and active as a mountain lion. Rogers and "The California Greaser" were representatives of two types of fighters, common enough in the West, but distinct from each other. The former was a blustering bully, who claimed to have killed many men that never existed; the "greaser" was a cowardly, treacherous fellow, who would fight, but like most Spanish-American desperadoes preferred to kill his men from behind in the seclusion of a dark alley.

Ross and "Little" Edgar were fine examples of men afflicted with a mania for gun fighting, a mania which no student of mental disorders seems capable of analysing. They fought for the fun of it, or for that undefined love of excitement which impels men to fight without such causes as sensible men would deem sufficient. They were close friends until that fatal day in the Overland's bar-room, because they had been associated for years as partners in faro games from Arkansas to the Pacific coast. They were, moreover, men of keen perception and well versed in that knowledge of humanity which successful gamblers must acquire. They had little in common with other gamblers of frontier sports, aside from the exchange of faro chips for gold dust. They were sometimes accused of establishing a gambling aristocracy, but they were always respected. Each had almost superhuman quickness with a gun. It was said that Ross was once marked as a victim by a gang of Texas cutthroats, and that the plan of attack seemed to give him about as much chance as a yellow dog would have fighting a troop of cavalry. An ex-ranger named Jack Hosford was to have the first crack at him, because he and Ross had a row over the smiles of a Mexican donna. The fingers of the ranger's left hand remained as souvenirs of the occasion. Women had caused many rows for Ross. They were attracted by his tall, stalwart figure and finely cut face, and, as a matter of course, trouble followed.

One evening Ross was behind the bar of his gambling house in San Antonio chatting with friends, when half a dozen of the ranger's friends came in and scattered about the room. Five minutes later Hosford came in unobserved. Suddenly he stepped from behind a screen at the door, and without a word of warning, fired his six-shooter over the bar point-blank at Ross. By a marvellous scratch he missed, though the two men were only three feet apart. Before he could fire again Ross had snatched two guns from the sink beneath the bar and set them going in two directions. In a flash he had read the plot to assassinate him. The ranger fell back dead at the first shot, and then the guns were snorting fire and smoke at his friends, who were shooting from all points of the compass at the man behind the bar. When the clouds of battle were cleared five men were lying dead on the floor and Ross was sitting in a chair tying a handkerchief aroung a bleeding arm. It is small wonder that his word was law afterwards.

The friendship between Ross and "Little" Edgar was formed under circumstances similar to this adventure. Edgar was playing "bank" in Ross's house one evening, when four drunken Mexican vaqueros insisted on interrupting the game by stealing Edgar's checks. They protested when ordered out by Ross, and when Edgar intimated that the fight was his own they drew their knives and started for him. Ross was knocked down and would doubtless have been killed if Edgar had not laid out his Mexican assailants in one, two, three order.

The real Western gun fighter, a man, for instance, like Bat Masterson, of Colorado; George Thompson, of Billings, Mon.; or Johnny McMurray, of Butte, always avoids discussing his battles. He always claims that he fought in self-protection, and in most cases he is right. Fights are forced upon him by aspirants for his distinction. Ross and "Little" Edgar persistently refused to recite their records. People at Fort Benton were then too busy to talk much about their neighbours, and gun fights were almost as common as dog fights, so little was known about Ross and Edgar beyond the fact that they were nervy, desperate men. It turned out that neither knew much about the past life of the other.

Ross and "Little" Edgar paid a round sum for the privilege of running the only faro game in the hotel. There they caught the best class of customers, because they were known to be dead square. It was then that the incidents of the liveliest day in the brief but lurid history of Fort Benton began early one morning in a very common way. The first row started over a dispute between Ross and Edgar on the one side, and the Mexican half-breed, Manuel, on the other. As is usual, two shifts of dealers and look-outs were employed to run the faro game, each shift lasting six hours, and the game never closing. Ross and Edgar owned the bank and worked together. Manuel and Rogers, or "Aces Up," were hired to deal and watch. Every other week they had what is known as the dog watch, lasting from 4 a.m. until 10.

Now, faro bankers find no difficulty in getting expert dealers, but it is not so easy to get honest dealers. Ross and Edgar had experienced this difficulty. After frequent consultations, they decided that Manuel and "Aces Up" were pinching out money. When he finished his watch one morning the Mexican was told that his services would no longer be required. When he asked the reason in a jargon of broken Spanish and English, he was told very plainly that he had been stealing. Manuel's shifty black eyes danced with anger, and he muttered a few oaths. He was too smart to start a fight with the proprietors, but when told that a watch had been set on him he sent a vicious glance towards Rogers, who was as yet ignorant of his discharge. A new dealer and look out dropped into the seats and the game went on with a passing remark from Ross to Edgar that the Mexican might be looking for Rogers before the day was over.

They did not have long to wait. The Mexican's anger was made fiercer and more cunning by a few drinks of bad whiskey. Rogers, too, was drinking and, as usual, bragging about his fighting ability. Finally the two men turned up side by side against the bar. Rogers was at the climax of a tale of gore when the Mexican, with a sneer, remarked:

"Umph. You tink a you fight?"

"Fight? Why, you half-breed greaser, I can eat you up blood raw," said Rogers, with a vicious grin. "You wouldn't make a——"

"You fight? Fight now!" yelled the Mexican, with a yell of hatred.

With that he snatched a heavy Mexican army revolver from his belt. Rogers jumped forward and knocked the weapon from the Mexican's hand, but before he could pull his own gun the Mexican had tripped him, and both rolled on the floor under a billiard table. There they chewed ears and tore about, each unable to draw his weapon. The faro game in the meantime had stopped, and the spectators were scattered about waiting for the men to get on their feet and begin shooting. The shooting did not come, and it is probable that no other combat in the West ever ended like this. The Mexican, as lithe and quick as a panther, and quite as treacherous and bloodthirsty, knew that the fight must end quick if he was to win, for Rogers was much the heavier and stronger. The guns being out of reach, he employed his animal instinct. With a quick move he threw both hands on Rogers' arms, darted for

Darted for the Man's Throat.

and fastened his glistening teeth in the flesh. A yell of horror came from the lookers-on, hard men as they were. They jumped for the Mexican, but were too late. When a blow on the head with a gun had knocked him from his victim, a spurt of blood shot from Rogers' throat. Rogers never moved. His jugular had been severed, and with scarcely a gasp he died.

The crowd soon recovered from the scene, the bar was lined up, and the checks at the game were rattling away as merrily as usual. The Mexican was hustled away by the City Marshal. Later on he was released, and got the customary twenty-four hours to get out of the country. He took the hint, but got no further than Helena, where he was killed.

This was excitement enough for one day, even in Fort Benton, but there was more in store. After the general verdict that perhaps the authorities were neglecting business, and that man eating should be confined to cannibals, the crowd scattered to the river. It was a fine morning in the spring. The first boat of the season had churned its way around the curve of cottonwood trees and was drawing up to the levee. When the gangplank dropped over the muddy waters there was a loud hurrah from groups of dust-covered freighters, merchants whose prosperity warranted the bringing out of their families, and tenderfeet who had reached the land of their golden dreams. Nobody noticed a fine-looking old man wearing a long linen duster and a wide-brimmed white felt hat, such as you see on the proudly poised heads of Kentucky gentlemen. With the crowd of passengers he worked his way through the sands of Front Street and along the levee to the Overland, He may have made a few passing inquiries at the hotel desk to old Uncle Pete Nolan, the landlord. Information on that point is lacking. But there are a half-dozen old-timers left in Fort Benton who will tell you what happened at the other end of the room when the old gentleman stopped short in front of the game, and sent a curious glance towards the lookout's seat, where Ross was sitting.

He shaded his hat to be sure that he saw right, his eyes shone, and in a quick, deep voice he said:—

"John! John, is that you?"

Ross jumped from the lookout's chair to the old man, and the crowd around "Little" Edgar, the dealer, wheeled back.

"And, my God, John, is that him, Henry Ashley?" exclaimed the old man, pointing to "Little" Edgar.

Edgar's face had turned to the yellowish white colour of the dust in the road. His hands dropped from the check rack and the card box, and the crowd, as if divining that something was to happen, kept silence.

"Why, father," said Ross in a hollow voice and with face as white as Edgar's, "you don't mean the man that took our Esther——."

"Yes, yes! there he is! Let me at him!" said the old man, struggling to the table.

"Are you the man?" asked Ross, turning to Edgar.

"Yes," was the reply in a cool, firm voice.

Ross walked to the bar and returned with a gun in each hand. Edgar had risen from the table and was facing the old man, who was held back by the crowd. Neither of the men raised a weapon. Ross stopped his father and, turning to Edgar, said:

"You saved my life once, and I'll give you an even show. Come outside."

The other man made no reply, but followed Ross outside. The crowd followed and not a word was exchanged. Ross threw down one of his revolvers and requested Edgar to pick it up and be prepared for

The Duel to the Death.

In an instant two guns were raised, two puffs of smoke met in the air in a rattling fusillade of shots, and when they melted away Ross was on the ground and Edgar's right hand was hanging limp at his side. Edgar took two steps forward and fell to his knees with a bullet in his chest as he was bringing his gun down for the other man's head. There the two men lay, glaring at each other like panthers.

It was evident that Ross had been hit hard at the first fire, for blood was oozing out of his cotton shirt, near his heart. But he was a long way from being dead. As calmly as if shooting at a mark he reached his left arm out, and throwing his gun over it for a rest fired twice. The first bullet clipped off Edgar's right ear and the other was buried in his hip. Edgar replied by sending a shot through his partner's right wrist and into his body. An exchange of shots followed without results, for both men were becoming very weak. Then Edgar stopped firing. His gun was cleaned out. Ross, seeing one chance, fired the last shot, without effect.

The two men lay still for an instant, their eyes half blinded by the film of death, and then started to crawl through the sand for a closer meeting. Ross had managed to draw a long, keen-edged knife from his shirt, and Edgar had grasped his revolver by the barrel to strike the last blow. People who saw the fight say that the journey of the men seemed to last all the afternoon. Each man, with a helpless arm and all but dead from loss of blood, gouged his way along by digging his heels into the heavy sand and pushing his body. The crowd, in breathless silence, moved closer around to see the end. It finally came. When the men, face down, were within reaching distance. Ross gathered his feet under his body, and, with a last desperate effort, raised himself, and lunged with the shining knife for Edgar's head. The blade fell harmless in the sand, and Ross's head dropped. At the same instant Edgar started to raise his revolver, gasped once, and fell dead.

The old man did not tell the story. He buried his boy by the side of Edgar in the little plot of bunch grass that serves as a cemetery, and went down the river the next week.

STAGE TALK.

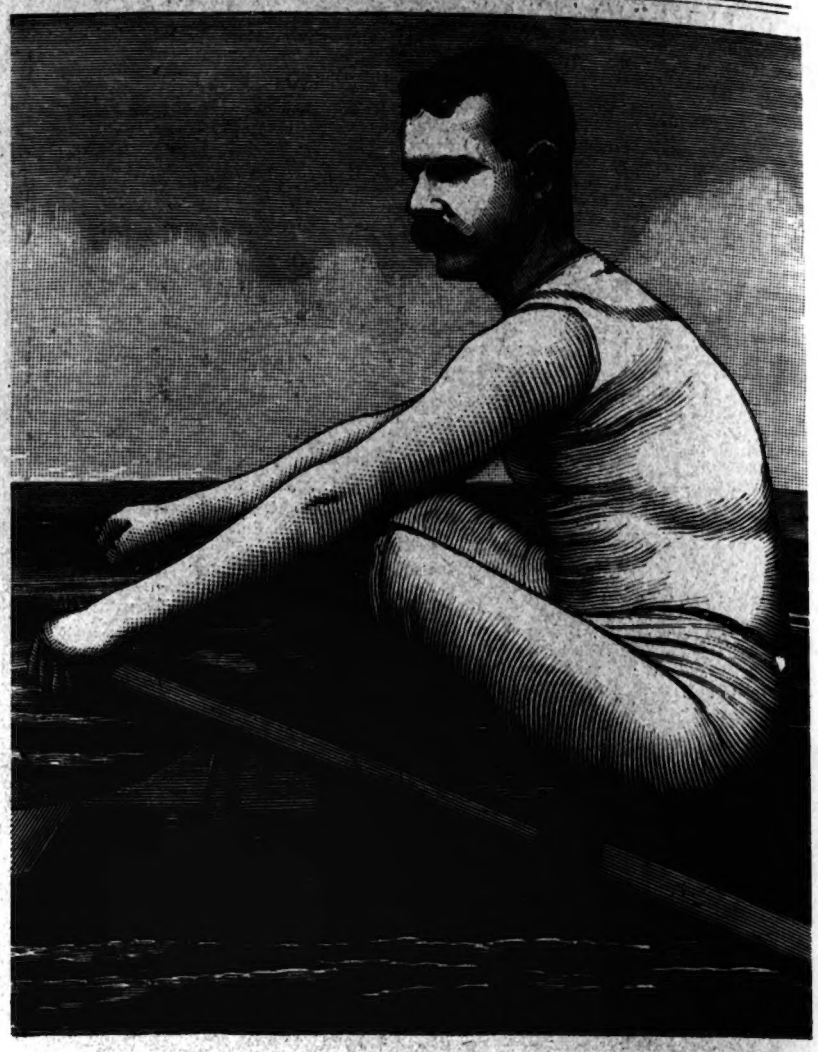
Miss Amy Lyster, the well-known music-hall artiste, possesses a love-letter which is a remarkable mixture of the sentimental with the commonplace. The writer is a watchmaker and jeweller, and after comparing the blue-eyed little dancer with every known gem, he winds up with the following pathetic declaration:—"Since I have known you I have been quite unable to attend to my business. Last week I spoilt three rubies, which I drilled awry while thinking about you, and let me tell you these 'watch jewels,' as we call them in the trade, come expensive—three-and sixpence each."

* * *

Minnie Palmer (Mrs. John R. Rogers), in giving a little of her biography, says:—"I have played My Sweetheart in almost every State in America, and I have played it in England and Australia. I have played it in the backwoods to crowds of miners and cowboys, with pistols in their belts and bowie knives in their high boots. In one Texan theatre—a miserable place—we had kerosene lamps for footlights, and one night they all went out. Well, you should have heard the language the audience used. It was lurid enough to have illuminated the theatre again. Playing in the backwoods is picturesque work, but you lack in comfort what you gain in variety. There are no roads to speak of, and the hotels are not noted for their luxury. One day the performance was delayed by the baggage cart having stuck in the boggy road. But for genuine heartiness and jollity commend me to the Western boys. If they like you they do not hesitate to show their appreciation. Why, one night, at Galveston, I was actually introduced to a fellow who had just killed his thirteenth man. Think of the honour! Why the citizens couldn't think of a more complimentary action, and the man-killer seemed to think he was honouring me with his attention."

WILLIAM J. INNES, ESQ.

A Thorough Sportsman, Famous in Every English-speaking Country.



EDWARD HANLAN.

The most finished Sculler the World ever Produced.

W. V. SIMKINS. C. SEWELL. G. S. KEMPIS. D. C. DAVEY. F. HEARNE. C. MILLS. J. MIDDLETON. A. W. SECCULL.
T. ROUTLEDGE. G. CRIPPS. H. H. CASTINS. C. L. JOHNSON. E. A. HALLIWELL.
G. ROWE. D. C. PARKINS. G. GLOVER.

SOUTH AFRICAN TEAM OF CRICKETERS.

RASS CHALLIS.
A Popular Theatrical Manager and Playwright of Lincoln.

GEORGE CHIRGWIN, "WHITE-EYED KAFFIR."
A Popular Negro Comedian Now Appearing at Moss and Thornton's Halls

GEORGE CORFIELD OF SHEFFIELD.
Champion 7st 12lb Pugilist. Victor over Bill Moore.

ALF. HARDY.
Proprietor of a Sporting and Theatrical Resort in Birmingham.

HARRY LAING.
Champion New Zealand Pugilist Killed whilst Alighting from a Train.

AROUND THE RING.

Corfield's Fight.

Moore's Grand Display.

Dick Burge an Actor.

Two Good Old 'Uns.

Fights Past and Present.

(With Portrait of G. Corfield).

George Corfield, the Sheffield wonder, has again demonstrated himself one of the greatest 7st 12lb men alive. He met Bill Moore, the champion, in a twenty-round battle at Drill Hall, Sheffield, May 21, when over 8,000 people paid admission to witness one of the cleverest contests decided of late years. The men fought at 7st 12lb for £50 a-side, and the gate receipts. The first bet of any importance was two 50's to 50, laid by Mr. George Drake, of Leeds, with Mr. J. Gorringe, and then followed a large amount of money at odds of 7 to 4 on Corfield. When the men came into the ring there were frenzied shouts from all sides, cheer following cheer as they went to their respective corners. George and Tom Wilson, assisted by Mike Jennet, seconded Corfield; Jem Beavan and Bob Kirby, with George Swanney, attending on Moore. Both men scaled within the prescribed limit. In the first round a considerable amount of time was lost in sparring. Corfield finally saw an opening and got home both hands on the head. A lively exchange of blows followed, Moore planting a stiff punch on the eye, which caused Corfield to wince. Honours were evenly distributed. Moore essayed to press matters in the second round, and though he landed effectively several times, Corfield displayed excellent judgment in making the most of the enclosed space. He improved in round three and gained a lot of points throughout the round, which ended with Moore blowing hard, having just put in a body blow which was dangerously near the wrong side of the belt. During the fourth round Moore got in some telling work, but he appeared to have lost much of his steadiness. He opened the fifth round with well-intentioned rushes, which Corfield twice met by straight punches in the face, and a hot upper-cut staggered the Londoner. However, one two on Corfield's ribs straightened him a bit. In the sixth round Corfield got red-hot smacks on Moore's right eye, treatment which he had returned, but there was no difficulty in determining as to the relative cleverness of the two men hereabouts, and though Moore twice tried to get to close quarters he was smartly forced back by Corfield's long right. During the two succeeding rounds, more or or less clinching was indulged in, Corfield making play for the head, receiving rib-roasters in return. At in-fighting Moore showed to the best advantage, and evened up matters at the close of the eighth round. In the ninth Corfield forced Moore back with hot reminders on the face. Moore's body blows were aimed very low, but failed to reach the intended mark, though he got in a smart one on Corfield's left eye which showed signs of the visitation. Considerable science was displayed by both in the tenth and eleventh rounds, and heavy left-handers appeared to be in order. Moore paid attention to the ribs, and acted a bit distressed. Corfield was

content at jabbing for the face, and showed remarkable coolness, notwithstanding of had received a considerable amount he punishment. In the twelfth round Moore once again led off, hitting Corfield repeatedly at close quarters, and evidently sent in with forcing orders, but he got straightened with a heavy right-hander. Again dashing in, however, he got in a splendid flush hit on the point, and gave the Sheffielder a lot the worst of the round, giving him no rest, and hitting hard. The five succeeding rounds were well contested, Corfield doing rather the cleanest work, though Moore held his own remarkably well. On coming up for the eighteenth round there were ugly marks of Corfield's handiwork on Moore's shoulders, face, and neck, and he got an addition by means of a tremendous swinging blow on the ear, which startled him. A splendid rally on the part of Moore followed, but Corfield kept him well at bay, though he finished up with little the worst of the deal. Two swinging body blows on Corfield's ribs, in the nineteenth round, were followed by a clincher from Moore, and the rest of the round was in favour of the Sheffielder, who forced the fighting, and got out of difficulties quite clever. Both displayed determination at the outset of the twentieth round. Corfield managed to stand Moore off for the first minute, and then received a stinging blow on the eye. This roused Corfield, and he got twice on to Moore's damaged mouth, and, finishing with more strength than he had displayed during the previous few rounds, won a hard and splendidly contested battle, the verdict being given to Corfield amid a scene of much enthusiasm.

George Corfield, who is a Sheffielder, is in his twenty-first year, stand 5ft 3½in, and scales 7st 12lb in condition. He made his first public appearance in Frank Howson's competition, for all weights, on July 8, 1890, but was beaten in the second round by Harry Clarke, of Sheffield. On February 20, 1891, Corfield won an 8st 4lb competition at the Gaiety Music Hall, Sheffield, Corfield's previous conqueror, Harry Clarke, being disqualified in the final bout. His next appearance was on October 15, 1891, when he defeated Bob Fleming, of Sheffield, at catch-weight, Corfield knocking out Fleming in the sixth round. On December 28, 1891, Corfield fought a draw of twenty-one rounds with "Dot" Fleming (brother of Bob Fleming) for a purse of £20, at the Norfolk Drill Hall, Sheffield. June 9, 1892, Corfield met Frank Kenny, of Sheffield, at Sanger's Circus, in a contest at catch-weight, for £40, and when Corfield had Kenny dead beaten, he lost on a foul. On August 20, 1892, Corfield beat Harry Low, of Sheffield, in four rounds, at catch-weights, for a purse, at Sanger's Circus. October 20, 1892, Corfield met and defeated Harry Clarke, at catch-weights, in fifteen rounds, for £100 and all the gate money, at the Norfolk Drill Hall. On January 4, 1893, W. Wilson, of Leeds, was pitted against Corfield, at 8st, for £100 and all the gate money, but once again the Sheffielder proved the winner in fourteen rounds. Corfield's next opponent was Joe Morton, Alfreton, at 8st, whom he knocked out at the Norfolk Drill Hall, on April 25, in thirteen rounds, for £100, the winner taking two-thirds of the gate money, and the loser one-third. At the same place, on October 16, Corfield met and defeated W. Brierley, of Liverpool, at 8st 4lb, in twenty rounds, for £100. December 11, at Drill Hall, Sheffield, he defeated Mike, alias "Chappie" Moran, in twenty rounds, for £200 and gate receipts.

* * *

Dick Burge is the first of the present day English pugilists to take to the stage. He is shortly to begin on a tour of the kingdom, and will have his opening performances at Newcastle-on-Tyne. Dick will not have much to say himself, but will pose as a hero in a Tom and Jerry scene. Through the North country he should do a profitable business, but it would hardly appear probable that he will make a great deal of money in other parts of England. Burge is a quiet, unassuming fellow, and withal a clever fighter, and is certainly deserving of patronage. Fortune has not smiled upon Burge the past year or two, and most men would have lost all courage to persevere. Twice he went to America on fruitless errands, and the first match with Nickless resulted in a forfeit, so that all the money he got in the second match, decided at the Bolingbroke Club, he well deserved and fairly earned. It is said that Burge don't possess any too rugged constitution, and his friends want him to retire from the ring.

* * *

It is pleasing to note that the majority of the pugilists are not resorting a great deal to right-hand punching, a practice predominant here a few years ago. Landing heavy right-hand blows in hopes of scoring a knock-down is all very nice, but a stiff left-hand hitter will beat all the right-hand men that can be stacked up in a ring. Very few matches are decided nowadays with quick knock-outs because the rising generation are alive to the fact that unless a blow is planted in a vital spot little damage is done.

John L. Sullivan and Sam Baxter are the only two good illustrations of men who could bring off the trick three out of five times, and both were finally badly beaten by men who possessed an effective left. Many will remember the old veteran,

Mike Madden.

of thirty years ago. He had a punishing right hand, and would knock out any man he could land it on, but a clever fighter would make a mug of him. Take all effective right-hand punchers, and they are generally so slow about dropping in the deadly hit, that clever men find but little trouble in stepping out of distance, and the blow goes aimlessly by the head. Mike Madden fought at 10st 2lb. He was born in 1827, and when twenty-one years of age he beat J. Walker, for £10 a-side, in seventeen rounds, lasting 39min, near Woking, October 10, 1848; draw with Jack Grant, £50, 140 rounds, 5h 45min, Woking, December 18, 1848; beaten by Hayes; beat Jones, £100, twenty-nine rounds, 65min, Long Reach, March 5, 1851; beaten by Ned Donelly; beat Jack Jones, £100, twenty-three round, 69min, Long Reach, December 11, 1855, the battle terminated fatal to Jones, and Madden was tried for manslaughter at Maidstone, March 14, 1856, and acquitted. He received £50 forfeit from Jem Mace in 1857, Mace declining to fight under the referee appointed by the stakeholder. Madden afterwards received forfeit of £15 to £10 from Mace, who bolted May 10, 1858; was beaten by Bob Travers, the black, £100 a-side, forty-five rounds, 1h 35min, near Ashford, April 5, 1859.

* * *

Many people spoke ill of Bob Travers, the black, and classed him as an uncouth fellow, but he was a good ring fighter, and was first brought into prominence by Nat Langham.

Bob Travers

Fought at 9st 9lb, and made his first essay in the squared circle at Tilbury, October 29, 1855, when he met George Baker, whom he fought ten rounds, occupying 23min, for £50, when the police interfered. Beat Baker, £50, ten rounds, 20min, Long Reach, November 3, 1855; beat Jesse Hatton, £50, thirty-nine rounds, 1h 16min, Coombe Bottom, February 5, 1856; beat George Crockett, £100, thirty-seven rounds, 1h 54min, near Egham, May 13, 1856; beaten by Job Cobley; beat Cleghorn, £200, thirty-six rounds, 1h 27min, banks of the Medway, January 20, 1857; beat Bill Hayes, £200, seventy-eight rounds, 3h 45min, Medway, May 13, 1857; beaten by Bob Brittle, two rings, £100 a-side, fought forty-two rounds, 1h 5min, Appledore, January 26, 1858, when police interfered, and following day 100 rounds were contested in 2h 5min, at Shell Haven, when Travers fell without a blow. Received forfeit of £90 from Johnny Walker, May 25, 1858; beat Mike Madden; beaten by Jem Mace, £100 a-side, two rings, down the river, fought six round in 21min, February 21, 1860, when police interfered; following day they fought fifty-seven rounds in 1h 31min, when Travers lost through falling without a blow. Fought Bodger Crutchley, £100, three rounds, 61min, April 30, 1861, when police interfered; Crutchley declined to renew the battle, and Travers got the award; beat Bos Tyler, £200, seventeen rounds, 63min, December 12, 1861; beaten by Patsey Reardon, £200, two rings; first day they fought seven rounds in 37min, when the police interfered; met the following day, and fought fifty-three rounds in 5h 45min, when Reardon won. The fight was decided in the home circuit, July 15 and 16, 1862.

* * *

John O'Brien, who recently whipped St. John at the National Sporting Club, proposes to make a strong bid for the English Championship in the middle-weight division next autumn. He is by no means a finished fighter, and experience in the ring will improve his form considerably. His gameness cannot be questioned, and he can use his hands to excellent advantage. What he most requires is the knowledge of timing his deliveries and the better use of his feet in moving about. It is possible that Frank Craig, the coffee cooler, will talk match with O'Brien when the black reaches this country. A meeting between them would be productive of considerable interest amongst the admirers of boxing.

* * *

Aside from the three-round exhibition bouts the programme at the National Sporting Club, May 21, included a twenty-round battle between Jack Farley, of Birmingham, and Jack Murphy, of Marylebone, for a purse of £30, and two six-round contests. In the first bout of half-a-dozen rounds Jack Sweeny, of Clare Market, and George Wood, of St. Luke's, faced each other. Sweeney beat Wood a short time ago in a similar battle, and by clever hard hitting he again scored a win. Mike Small, of Holloway, and Ernest Pickard, of Hoxton, were the couple to dispute the second six-round match. The last named was active on his feet and made good use of the ring. He was unable, however, to keep out of range of Small's left hand, which invariably found a resting place on the face. Pickard tried hard to turn the tide in his favour, but his blows lacked steam. At the end of the last round Small had sufficient advantage to entitle him to the honours.

For the twenty-round battle Farley scaled 9st 7lb, whilst Murphy turned up a pound lighter. Odds were offered on Farley, but during the first four rounds Murphy made such a gallant stand and managed to poke his nose so far to the front that he became a favourite. He forced the fighting from the outset, and dropped in heavy blows on the head that looked like winning touches. Farley devoted his attention to the body, and that appeared to be the gruel that eventually told to advantage. Rounds four and five were decidedly even, and it looked like anybody's fight. During the sixth round Murphy displayed an extraordinary amount of ambition to secure a victory that, early in the contest, seemed almost within his grasp. Right and left he fought, but Farley was on the alert, and dodging around he adroitly evaded the majority of Murphy's well-meant deliveries. Lashing out wildly, Murphy missed, and before he could recover Farley put in two very heavy blows on the ribs. Murphy's height was in consequence reduced by nearly two inches, and this was the turning point of a hard-fought contest. Farley was the freshest of the two on coming up for the seventh round, and again made a set for the ribs; he used both hands with effect, and though Murphy accepted the hot shot sent his way in the gamest possible manner, he was finally compelled to weaken. The eighth round proved to be the wind-up, because Farley, appearing strong, went for his man, who was in distress. He jabbed his right on the ribs, and hooking the left on the other side made the Londoner hop out of danger as best he could. Murphy was now weak on his legs, and going in Farley once more delivered heavily on the body, with such effect indeed that Murphy lost his balance and was counted out half-way through the round.

* * *

The National Sporting Club's meeting on Monday, June 4, will surpass any that the club has promoted during the past year. It is safe to say that no member will absent himself on that occasion, and the privileges allowed them to "invite a friend," under the bye laws of the club, will be eagerly sought after by gentlemen who want to see a first-class show. Manager Fleming has arranged to be decided two twenty-round contests for purses, and the two couples are decidedly evenly matched. Willie Smith, the 8st 2lb champion, may think he will capture the "plum," but in Johnny Ryan, the Lancashire lad, he will find as tough a bit of stuff as ever laced a pair of boots. Martin Denny, the Australian, will come up from Morecambe to tackle Bill Eyles, of Islington, and his friends believe he holds an "air tight" on the purse, but if Eyles pops in that wicked left of his on the right spot, and he generally gets it there too, the man from the kangeroo country will see more stars than ever graced the skies in the Southern Cross. The quartette are training assiduously, and will each be well supported when the proper time arrives.

* * *

In a six-round contest for a purse at Ted Hollier's Gymnasium, May 19, Charley Church, of Peckham, stopped Burt Barnard in the fourth round.

Charles E. Davies, manager of Peter Jackson, is in Chicago. He says: "I am all at sea in respect to my future movements. Our season with 'Uncle Tom' is closed. I could have made any number of contracts for the show, but did not feel justified in doing so in view of the possibility of making matches for Jackson and Choynski. I shall remain here several days with Choynski.

"It is discouraging to chase a man about to make a match, but we shall go to England. Corbett seems in no hurry to arrange a fight. The match between Choynski and Fitzsimmons is no nearer a fixed event than it was some time ago."

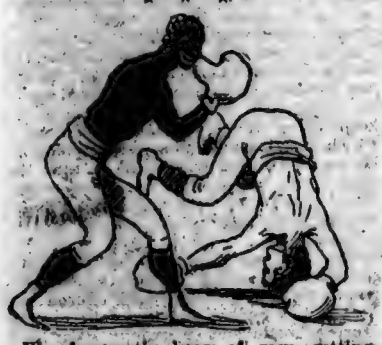
* * *

The *Figaro*, a Parisian paper, calls James J. Corbett's exhibition of boxing at the Folies Bergere "marvellous and unique." After noting the presence of Ives, the American billiard player, and Zimmerman, the champion American wheelman, the writer speaks flatteringly of the recent achievements of American sportsment in general.

* * *

James J. Corbett closed a successful engagement at the Theatre Royal, Glasgow, May 26, and opened for a week May 28, at Edinburgh. John Donaldson writes, that business has been extremely good, and Corbett feels highly flattered over the reception the Scotch people have given him. "Gentleman Jack" opens for a week's run next Monday night, at the Grand Theatre, Islington.

* * *



We frequently hear of men getting knocked out of time, but we never received reliable information of a man knocking himself out of time till the other day. It happened as follows:—Jim Johnson, the coloured middleweight pugilist of Indiana, who challenged Ted Pritchard to a battle last winter, met Ed. Blake, of Columbus, in a contest at Toledo, Ohio, recently, for the gate receipts. For five rounds Blake had a decided advantage, and in the sixth round set out to land his right and put the quietus on the coloured man. He swung for the jaw, and Johnson ducked his head out of harm's way. The blow went harmlessly by and, losing his balance, Blake fell over Johnson, his head striking the floor. Blake was so badly stunned that he was unable to respond within the prescribed ten seconds, and Johnson got the award.

* * *

Boxing in the United States is not so lucrative as it was a year ago, and judging from appearances it is not likely to boom for a few years to come. It is most likely that in the autumn many of those in the States will be only too pleased to receive an offer to display their abilities in England. The situation is summed up by a Boston man as follow: "The narrowing of the market for the services of the boxer, both amateur and professional, is a subject of painful recognition for the boxer himself all over the country. Barring Bob Fitzsimmons and one or two others, the professional in particular is not so elevated as he was. He is down to subway levels. To buy bread and beef, say nothing of beer, he must have money. Retrenchment in boxing sport indulgences has been, perhaps, one of the results of hard times and money scarcity. It is generally admitted by the promoters of important boxing events that the 10dols a ticket times are over, and that nothing in fistics is so good or so important that a 5dol note should not admit the sport-follower to see it. The professional boxer is quite a thermometer of the business condition of the country. His expenditures nowadays are seldom lavish, for money does not come easily as it did. His market is restricted to very few places. New York and Chicago have shut him out. It is not quite clear that New Orleans has reopened to the extent that has been claimed. Prices rule low, and the talent is comparatively impecunious. If it had not been for Boston this spring, a score or more of boxers of good standing and well-behaved in their profession would have been, as their own phrase is, 'carrying the banner' for lack of openings to exhibit. The aldermen of Boston have been both kind and indulgent in not denying to the sparrers the opportunity of keeping the wolf from the door. If a single alderman had stood out, a little host of boxers would have been practically on their uppers for lack of anything to do. The boxers, with one or two exceptions, have behaved well in respect to the avoidance of brawling and offences against the public peace. There has been a welcome absence, it is to be noted, of skulking fly-by-night pugilism and finish stake-money fistics with skin gloves or the knuckles. It is a question whether the treatment of the sparring question, always a troublesome one to official authorities, has ever been more rational, intelligent, or successful than in Boston during this municipal year. There has been liberty, but no abuse; there has been spirited, rugged, and square sport, but no undue extremes."

* * *

Frank Hinde promoted a sparring show at Store Street Hall, Tottenham Court Road, May 21, having for the principal event a contest between Jack Hart, of Smithfield, and Jack Taylor, of Edmonton. The men were to box twenty rounds for £25 a-side and a purse of £25 given by Mr. Hinde.

Preliminary to the event two six-round bouts were brought to a decision. In the first, Gus Beaumont, of Edmonton, displayed his superiority over A. Buckingham, of Bloomsbury, and, at the close of the sixth round, he was given the award. Dummy Winters, of Australia, and Jack Gover, of Edmonton, made a lively bout for three rounds, when Gover got the advantage, knocking Winters down in the next round, and had him all but out. Winters injured his left foot and retired at the close of the fourth round.

This was followed by the contest between Hart and Taylor. The last named assumed the aggressive and rushed in, both being wild in their deliveries, no damage being done by either man; but in the second Hart planted a hot one on the ribs, receiving a facer in return. A clinch followed, and, on breaking away, exchanges waxed fast and furious at close quarters, Hart using his left with great effect on the face, causing his man to retreat at every blow. A couple of heavy deliveries by Taylor on Hart's face caused the latter to assume the defensive. Quickly recovering, however, Hart worked his man across to the far ropes, where he rained blow after blow, with both gloves, on Taylor's face and body, and it was simply a question of how long he would last. Time, however, saved him for a while. At the call of time for the third round, Taylor planted the left on the mark, and, crossing with his right, reached Hart's mouth with great force. This seemed to incense the last-named, and getting to close quarters once more he fought his man across the ring. Taylor tried in vain to repel the blows, but was totally unable to do so, and Hart, given an opportunity, shot the right on the side of the jaw with the desired effect. Taylor, falling to the floor on his side and twisting over on to his back, laid there until the necessary ten seconds had been ticked off, a loud shout going up when Hart was declared the winner. Jack and Bill Natty seconded the victor, whilst Taylor had for his mentors Richardson and Callan.

* * *

Though Bill Moore, of Kingsland, was beaten by George Corfield, of Sheffield, in a twenty-round bout, he is by no means disgraced, because in Corfield we have a lad fit to meet any man in the world at even weight. The victory can't be called a decisive one, because Moore stayed through the entire twenty rounds, and it is only a matter of speculation how matters would have terminated had the men gone to a finish. No man is thoroughly beaten until he is knocked out of time, and as Moore was far from being out, though his chance may not have appeared any too good, he might have turned the tide in his favour. We should like to see the clever pair go to a finish with small gloves, because such a fight would be well worth looking at.

* * *

Jem Mace, the former-time champion of the prize ring, was publicly examined at Brighton Bankruptcy Court, May 24. His liabilities were stated as £1,112 and assets £31. During the examination Mace stated that he had been engaged in over a hundred fights. Whilst keeping an hotel at Melbourne he won £12,000 by racing and boxing. He kept racehorses and betted heavily, losing £20,000 in one year. He had been borrowing money for four years, and owed money-lenders £800. The examination then closed.

* * *

Four ten-round glove contests for purses were fought to a decision before a small gathering of sports, May 23, in a room in the West End district of London. Bill Hood, of Peckham, and Bill Bolton, of St. George's, were the first couple to dispute the ownership of a purse. During the first half dozen rounds the contest was pretty evenly fought, but in the seventh, Hood displayed a decided advantage, finally flooring Bolton with a right-hander on the jaw. Bolton arose, only to be again knocked down and out. The second couple were Dan Murphy, of Finsbury, and Fred Mansford, of Mile End. It was warmly contested throughout. In the seventh round Mansford did a lot of good work on the body, and Murphy, whose left eye was closed, felt very weak. It was hammer and tongs all through the next two rounds, the punishment being severe, but both fighting as fairly as possible, and keeping their form surprisingly well seeing how fast the pace had been. Murphy, however, was always doing just a trifle more than the other, and, at the end of the tenth round, he got the verdict. Charles Gledhill, of Edmonton, and Jack Murphy, of Clare Market, two little 'uns, went at each other hammer and tongs, and in the second round Murphy was put to sleep with a right-hander on the jaw. The fourth battle, between Mike Sullivan, of Lambeth, and C. Meacock, of Bloomsbury, lasted the stipulated number of rounds, and at the close Sullivan had gained such an advantage that he was quickly declared winner.

* * *

The State Supreme Court, at New Orleans, May 14, reversed its late decision in the case of the State of Louisiana against the Olympic Club, in the suit of the Attorney-General to forfeit the charter of the club. The first decision was in favour of the club, and permitted glove fights. The Attorney-General applied for a rehearing. This the Court denied, and declared against the repeal of the club's charter, but it remanded the case to the lower or District Court to be tried all over again, and not to admit any expert prize-fight testimony.

The decision reopens the whole question, and will practically prevent the club from having any prize fights until another decision is reached. In his message to the Legislature, Gov. Foster recommends the passage of a stringent law against glove contests and prize fights of any kind.

* * *

A purse of nine sovereigns was the inducement held out to W. Wallis and Jack Moore to decide who was the best lad with small gloves, May 21, at an East-End resort. For the first eight rounds Moore accepted all the blows aimed at him, and found he was getting too much of a good thing. He tried to shift the deal in the ninth round, but without success. Wallis kept up a steady fusillade of blows, and that forced Moore to turn up the job.

* * *

Joe Ricketts, of Peckham, and Bill Ward, of Bermondsey, agreed to go eight rounds at the Bermondsey School of Arms, May 21, for a purse, and at the call of time both went in for a "slug." Rickett's "copped" Ward's right duke on the neck, and fell over like a log of wood. He arose only to get it again in the neck, and that wound him up for the night's milling. Ward, therefore, got the verdict. Mike Wall, of Deptford, tried to serve Matt Sullivan, of Rotherhithe, in the same fashion in a twelve-round battle, but Sullivan was too cunning to be caught in such a trap, and, after accepting a fairly good "hiding," he held out his hand before the third round had expired.

* * *

J. J. Corbett v. Peter Jackson.

Mr. Fleming: The directors of the National Sporting Club authorise me to offer £3,000 for the contest between J. J. Corbett and Peter Jackson, providing they agree to decide the championship this year.

John Bull: Peter sports the Union Jack, and unless he is chained down by his manager he is sure to accept and fight here.

Yankee Doodle: Jim, don't let that pesky black say you're afraid. The Stars and Stripes must be upheld. Give him a fight; you will win.

Chorus of both Countries: Who will refuse such a liberal offer? Brace up, big'uns, and agree upon a day.

RASS CHALLIS.

A Popular Theatrical Manager and Playwright of Lincoln.

(With Portrait.)

Mr. Rass Challis is of the firm of King and Challis, proprietors of the New Theatre Royal, Lincoln, and upon Mr. Challis devolves the entire responsibility of managing the cosy little house of amusement. He is popular in his section, and well spoken of by members of the profession. Mr. Challis has written many plays, the most successful one being "The Curate."

SEEN AND HEARD.

A telegram from Forest City, in Arkansas, says that William Brooks, a negro, employed as a labourer on the farm of W. A. Taylor, a white settler, has been shot dead by a mob for proposing to marry Taylor's daughter.

* * *

Mdme. Belle Cole had just arrived in Melbourne when the last mail left, to fulfil her engagement to give forty concerts in Australia for £5,000 and all expenses paid. The voyage from London in a fast Orient liner she describes as "a delightful trip," the first real holiday she has had for many years.

* * *

John Langford, who was sentenced to death at the last Liverpool Assizes, for the murder of his paramour, Elizabeth Stephens, was hanged at Walton Gaol, May 22. The man was penitent, and behaved in an exemplary manner while in gaol. He was awake early and attended the service in the prison chapel and partook of holy communion. He walked firmly to the scaffold, repeating the responses distinctly. Billington performed his task expeditiously, and when the bolt was drawn death was instantaneous.

* * *

The execution of the Anarchists condemned to death for the attempt upon the life of Marshal Campos and for participation in the outrage at the Liceo Theatre took place at four o'clock on the morning of May 21, outside the Montjuich Fortress at Barcelona. The men were conveyed to the place of execution by an underground passage. They were quite demonstrative, and shouted all kinds of revolutionary cries. The convicts having been placed in line the order to fire was given by the officer in command of the firing-party, and at the first shot all the men fell to the ground. It was found, however, that in the case of Sogas and Codina the bullets had not taken effect, and a second shot was necessary to complete the execution.

* * *

Emile Henry, the perpetrator of the anarchist outrages in Paris recently, was guillontined early on the morning of May 21, in Paris. He maintained his bravado till the last moment. Nearing the guillotine he cried out in a husky voice, "Courage, comrades! Long live Anarchy!" Then, summoning up strength, he repeated the last words in somewhat louder and clearer tones. In an instant the assistants of the executioner seized hold of Henry and pushed him on to the board, M. Diebler pressed the button, and the Anarchist's head rolled into the basket at twelve minutes past four. The body was immediately placed in a hearse and taken to the Ivry Cemetery, M. Goron, the Chief of the Detective Department, and others following in cabs.

* * *

A sad accident occurred May 22, at Putney New Cemetery, Kingston Vale. It appears that a gravedigger named John Ingram, residing at the Plain, Wandsworth, was digging a grave in the cemetery, when he was struck in the back by a bullet, which penetrated his shoulder-blade and embedded itself in his right lung. His cries for help soon brought aid, and he was removed to the Putney Police Station, where he was seen by Drs. M'Geoagh and Orr. Upon their advice he was removed to the West London Hospital. The medical men hold out no hope of Ingram's recovery. The cemetery is situated at the rear of the Wimbledon Common rifle ranges, and the injured man was working with his back to them. At the time of the accident a squad of men from the Civil Service Volunteer Corps were practising, and it is supposed that it was a stray bullet from one of their rifles that struck Ingram. Some time ago, upon the representations to the ranger by the inhabitants around the common many of the ranges were closed, and it is understood that the Duke of Cambridge only assented to the present use of the range in question for the sake of the metropolitan volunteers.

FATAL FIGHT AT ABERDARE.

David Rees, Knocked over the Ropes, Dies from a Fractured Skull.

(Subject of Illustration.)

During a public boxing contest at Aberdare on May 17, one of the men, named David Rees, was knocked over the ropes and instantly killed from fracture of the skull. The men fought with 5oz. gloves. His opponent, Thomas Robert Edwards, collier, Patsy Perkins, the keeper of the boxing saloon, Henry Rees, the brother of the dead man, and fifteen other men were arrested. They were brought before the Aberdare Police-court May 22. The accused included Thomas Edwards, the surviving principal; Lai St. John and Tom James, old opponents; Patsy Perkins and Jimmy Day, boxing-booth proprietors; and Tom Pritchard, the one-time Welsh bicyclist champion. The fight was described by several witnesses, and ultimately all the accused were committed to the Assizes. all was accepted.

WARRANTED GENTLE AND KIND.

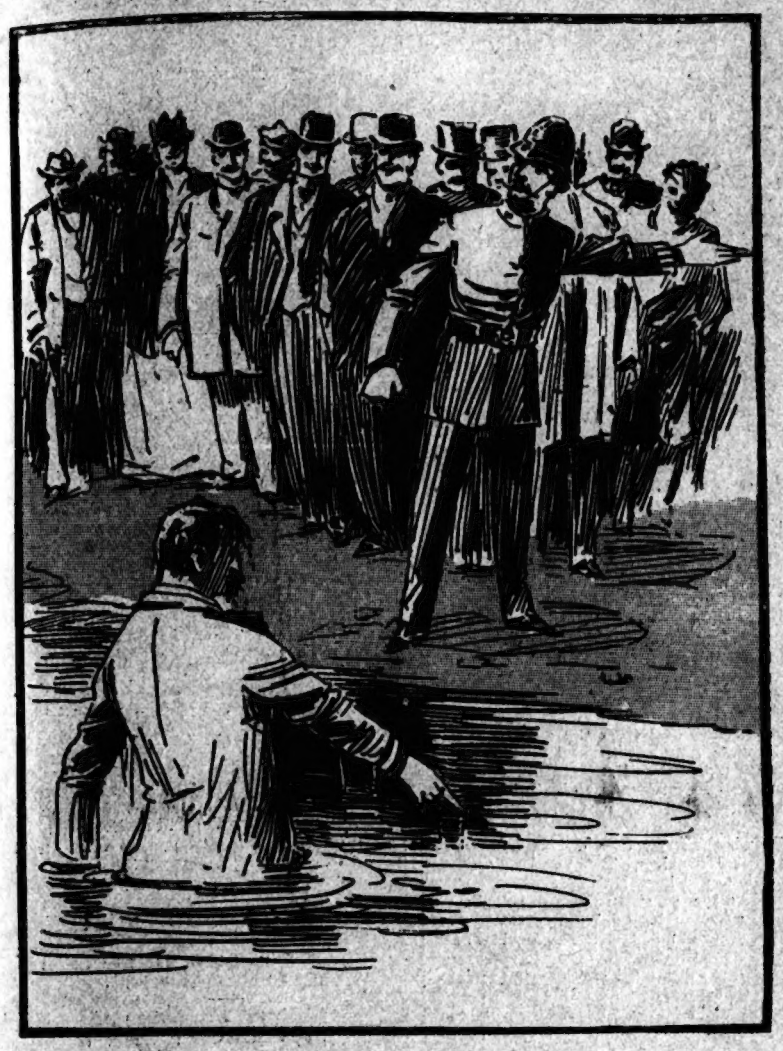
How a Horse Trader was Caught Napping and Kicked.

A SMUGGLER CAPTURED.

A Wooden Leg Utilised to Conceal Dutiable Goods.

THE COLD WATER CURE.

A Gossiping Youth Receives His Ju.t Deserts.

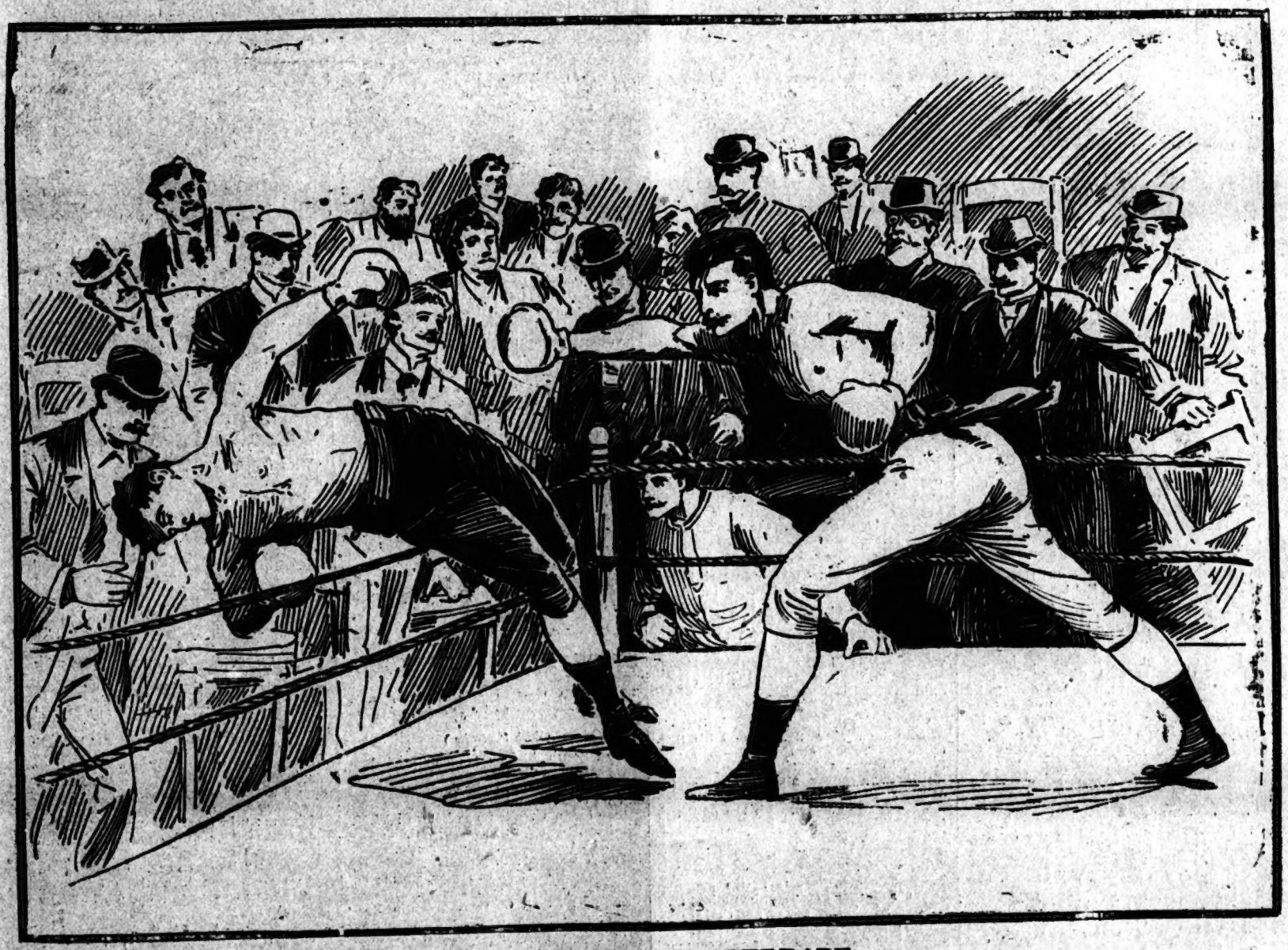


COME AND GET ME.

An Invitation Declined by a Police-Constable.

CHAINED UP AND BEATEN.

Lewisham Parents' Cruel Treatment of an Imbecile Daughter.



FATAL FIGHT AT ABERDARE.

David Bees, Knocked over the Ropes, Dies from a Fractured Skull.

A BOA CONSTRICTOR.

How he Killed and Devoured a Goat.

"Did you ever see a boa constrictor fed?" said a gentleman at a West End café the other evening. "You have not! Well, I'll tell you my first and only experience. It was on a ship sailing from Batavia; they had a boa constrictor in a cage; it was about sixteen feet long, and eighteen inches in circumference. When it came time to feed the snake they secured a goat they had on board, and opening a sliding door of the cage the goat was thrust in and the door of the cage shut. The poor goat, as if instantly aware of all the horrors of its perilous situation, immediately began to utter the most piercing and distressing cries imaginable, butting instinctively at the same time with its head towards the serpent, in self-defence. The snake, which at first appeared scarcely to notice the poor animal, soon began to stir a little, and turning his head in the direction of the goat, it at length fixed a deadly and malignant eye on the trembling victim, whose agony and terror seemed to increase; for previous to the snake seizing his prey, it shook in every limb, but still continuing its unavailing show of attack by butting at the serpent, who now became sufficiently animated to prepare for the feast. The first operation was that of darting out his forked tongue, and, at the same time, rearing his head a little; then suddenly seizing the goat by the foreleg with his mouth, and throwing him down, he was encircled in an instant in his horrid folds. So quick, indeed, and so instantaneous was the act, that it was impossible for the eye to follow the rapid convolution of his elongated body. It was not a regular screw-like turn that was formed, but rather resembled a knot, one part of the body over-laying the other, as if to add weight to the muscular pressure, and more effectually crush the goat. During this time he continued to grasp with his mouth, though it appeared an unnecessary precaution, that part of the animal he had first seized. The poor goat, in the meantime, continued its feeble and half-stifled cries for some moments; but they gradually became more and more faint, and at last expired. The snake, however, retained it a considerable length of time in its grasp after it was apparently motionless. The snake began slowly and cautiously to unfold himself till the goat fell dead from his monstrous embrace, when he began to prepare himself for the feast. Placing his mouth in front of the dead animal, he commenced by lubricating with his saliva that part of the goat; and then taking his muzzle into his mouth, which had the appearance of a lacerated wound, he gradually sucked it in as far as the horns would allow. These protuberances opposed some little difficulty—not so much from their extent as from their points. Horror, they soon disappeared; that is to say, externally, but their progress was still to be traced very distinctly on the outside, threatening every moment to protrude through the skin. The victim had now descended as far as the shoulders, and it was an astonishing sight to observe the extraordinary action of the snake's muscles when stretched to such an unnatural extent—an extent which must have destroyed all muscular power in an animal that was not, like itself, endowed with very peculiar facilities of expansion and action at the same time. When his head and neck had no other appearance than that of a serpent's skin stuffed almost to bursting, still the working of the muscles was evident and his power of suction unabated. It was, in fact, the effect of a contractile muscular power, assisted by two rows of strong hooked teeth. It seemed impossible to conceive how the process of breathing could be carried on while the mouth and throat were so completely stuffed and expanded by the body of the goat, and the lungs themselves compressed, as they must have been, by its passage downwards. The whole operation of completely gorging the goat occupied about two hours and twenty minutes; at the end of which time the tumefaction was confined to the middle part of the body, or stomach, the other parts, which had been so much disturbed, having resumed their natural dimensions. He now coiled up again, and lay quietly in his usual torpid state for three or four weeks, when the feast appeared to be completely digested or dissolved."

HE GOT THE TIP.

"Waiter, did you hear what Lord —— whispered to his jockey just now, when you were at their table?"

"That's what I did."

"If I give you ten bob, will you tell me what it was."

"Why, certainly; hand over the brass."

"Here you are, then."

"He was saying as how he didn't know how "Chalk" got such good information that he puts in The Mirror of Life. He said as how some people were fools when they didn't see a good thing, and The Mirror of Life is full of them."

The old story of the Irishman in a bottomless sedan chair has been revivied in Paris. A portly and dignified merchant was driving along the Rue de Rivoli, Paris, May 24, the coachman of his cab following the tramway rails for the benefit of his jaded horse. A tramway car came up behind and signified with much blowing of the horn to the cabby to get off the rails. The Jehu tried to do so, but the wheels of his vehicle were stuck in the metals. His fare, thinking he had not heard the horn, jumped up to put his head out of the window and call, when the floor of the vehicle gave way. The stout gentleman inside fell through, and had to run along shouting to the cabman, but in vain, to stop. The crowd, vastly amused at the novel sight of a two-legged cab, at length took pity on the unlucky man, who was out of breath with his untoward exertions, stopped his cab, and extricated him from his unpleasant and humiliating position.

COMMON GOSSIP.

The wife of a hatter, at Carlisle, had four infants at a birth, all girls, three of whom are living. Eleven months ago she had twins, making six children within a year.

* * *

A middle-aged man, named Mark Wilson, was killed on the Olive Grove ground, Sheffield, May 22, while playing cricket. He was standing in the field and the ball struck him on the side of the head, causing instant death.

* * *

Rebecca Robinson, domestic servant, of Tendington Road, Brockley, recovered £30 in the Queen's Bench against George Grainger, baker and potato dealer, of Mana, Cambridge, for breach of promise of marriage.

* * *

Harriet Simpson, twenty, got six weeks hard labour at Bow Street. At midnight on May 21, P.C. 278 had occasion to speak to her about her disorderly conduct in Northumberland Avenue, upon which she stabbed him through the eyelid with a bonnet pin.

* * *

The Northampton magistrates, on May 23, granted a summons against Messrs. Frail, lessees of the Northamption racecourse, for permitting betting in the enclosures. A summons was also issued against certain bookmakers for betting. The summonses were made returnable for June 11.

* * *

Lawrence Wright, a young married man, was sentenced to six months' imprisonment at Glasgow Sheriff's Criminal Court May 22 for embezzling £500 belonging to his employers. He was sent to the bank to deposit £730, but only lodged £230. He was arrested at Ardrossan with £400 in his possession, the balance having been spent on drink and horseracing.

* * *

Coxey set out to create a revolution. At Washington, May 21, he and his lieutenants—Browne and Jones—were sentenced to twenty days' imprisonment for displaying a banner in the grounds of the capitol. In addition, Coxey and Browne were each fined 5dols., with the option of ten days' imprisonment, for trespassing on the grass. It was an inglorious finale.

* * *

While Mr. John Cochrane Durward, a Galashiels manufacturer, was standing near the National Gallery, he noticed that his watch had disappeared, and that Joseph Daner's hand was near his waistcoat. He tripped up Daner. Another man came up and offered to hold the culprit. On the appearance of the police the new-comer went off, and probably took the watch, because Daner had it not. The thief got six months' at Marlborough Street.

William Osman, a tailor, pleaded guilty at Clerkenwell to having stolen a purse from Mrs. Brotherton, better known as Maggie Roberts, an actress, at the door of the Trafalgar Theatre. Thomas Hargraves pleaded not guilty to the same charge. Both were found guilty and sent to penal servitude, by Sir Peter Edlin, for two years and four months, to be followed by two years' police supervision.

* * *

This is the story of a daring bank robbery at Longview, Texas. Four men visited the First National Bank, and ordering the president and the clerks to "hold up their hands," under threats of death, secured 2,500dols. The officials and the citizens then endeavoured to intercept them, and exchanged shots with the robbers, one of whom was killed; the other three escaped on horseback. One citizen was killed and four wounded, two of whom have been given up by the doctors.

* * *

A telegram from San Francisco reports that Sandow, the strong man, had been matched to wrestle with a lion, the lion being muzzled, and having his claws encased in thick mittens. The show turned out a complete fiasco. When Sandow entered the cage the lion couched in a corner moaning and trembling. The lash was vigorously applied, and the animal was stirred up with poles, but he would not wrestle, and Sandow did what he liked with him. The spectators were disappointed, and greeted the exhibition with hisses.

* * *

A tramp who endeavoured to pawn a diamond bracelet he had picked up near the Opera House, Paris, turned out to be Edmond Viscount de la Morte, the head of an ancient noble family of Lyons. Under the Second Empire he was Chamberlain at Court, and he had an ample private fortune, but now, at the age of sixty-seven, he is found wandering about almost without visible means of subsistence. And thereby hangs another tale, for on being asked how he lived he opened a bag he was carrying and showed a quantity of orange peel. "I go about picking up the peel," he explained, "and I sell it to a manufacturer of liqueurs for making bitters and curaçoa."

* * *

The case of the Rev. Mr. Skerret, minister of Cathedral Square United Presbyterian Church, Glasgow, against whom the charge was made of walking with a female member of his church in places and under circumstances exciting suspicion, was decided May 24, in Glasgow, by the Synodical Commission. After deliberating one hour in private, the commission suspended Mr. Skerret from the office of the ministry, *sine die*, and from the privileges of full communion as a member of the church, dissolved his connection with the Cathedral Square Church, and declared the church vacant.

SOUTH AFRICAN CRICKETERS.

The Team now in this Country and Matches to be Played.

(With Portraits.)

The South African team of cricketers have arranged for a series of matches to be played in England, Ireland, and Scotland during this season.

The team is made up as follows: W. V. Simkins, manager; E. Halliwell, Transvaal; C. L. Johnson, Transvaal; T. Routledge, Transvaal; S. Kempis, Transvaal; C. Sewell, Natal; D. C. Davey, Natal; G. Glover, Kimberley; T. Parkin, Eastern Province; H. H. Castens, Western Province; G. Cripps, Western Province; A. W. Seccull, Western Province; C. Rowe, Western Province; F. Hearne, Western Province; C. Mills, Western Province; J. Middleton, Western Province. Several matches are yet to be arranged, but those agreed upon are—June: 4, at Lord's, v. M.C.C. and Ground; 14, at Leicester, v. Leicestershire; 18, at Gravesend, v. North Kent; 21, at Cardiff, v. Glamorganshire; 25, at Taunton, v. Somersetshire; 28, at Bristol, v. Gloucestershire. July: 2, at Brighton, v. Sussex; 5, at Portsmouth, v. United Services; 9, at Birmingham, v. Warwickshire; 12, at Edinburgh, v. Gentleman of Scotland; 19, at Liverpool, v. Liverpool and District; 26, at Derby, v. Derbyshire; 30, at Dublin, v. Ireland. August: 2, at Belfast, v. North of Ireland; 8, at Leeds, v. Leeds and District; 10, at Scarborough, v. Scarborough and District.

A NOVELTY IN BILLIARDS.

How a Match was Played on Horseback to the Edification of the Cowboys.

(Subject of Illustration.)

In the town of Brighton, California, there was a sporting sensation which proved to be a decided success. A sporting-house proprietor named Shaw advertised pretty freely upon fences, stakes, and houses that there would be a billiard contest between Joseph Quinlan, the crack player of the town, and an unknown. The sporting fraternity was present in force. The "unknown," when he appeared, proved to be an unknown who came from San Francisco, and who had once won a game from Frank Ives.

The match was decided on horseback, which proved a great hit with the cowboys present. San Francisco sent down a big crowd to bet on their man. The purse was 100dols.

The men played a very scientific game, but Quinlan won at the end rather easily by 360 to 260 points. The game was four balls, rail billiards.

CHAINED UP AND BEATEN.

Lewisham Parents' Cruel Treatment of an Imbecile Daughter.

(Subject of Illustration.)

William and Elizabeth Wise, of 57, Ravensbourne Street, St. John's, were summoned at Greenwich for illtreating their daughter Elizabeth, aged 15 years.

Inspector Chown, S.P.C.C., who had cautioned the defendants previously, said on the 10th he saw the girl with a very bad black eye. She told him that her father had beaten her with a toasting-fork, and that on Easter Monday he handcuffed her to the bed nearly all day. She said her father had often beaten her, and that she had seen the bruises through a looking-glass. The female admitted having locked the girl out of doors, and said she was beyond control. The male defendant admitted beating the girl with the toasting fork because she was impudent, and that he had handcuffed her to a bed for two or three hours, and locked her in a room for many a half-day.

Dr. Cable deposed to finding severe bruises upon the girl's back. She was of weak intellect, and if not carefully watched would be likely to become insane.

The male defendant said the girl was unmanageable, and her conduct was due to temper.

Mr. Oakeshott, C.E.T.S. missionary, said the girl was sullen and obstinate.

Mr. Kennedy bound the male defendant to keep the peace for six months, and fined the woman £5 or a month's imprisonment.

PHUNNYGRAPHS.

Goodun: "I do not believe in divorce. Whom God has joined let no man put asunder."

Badun: "That doesn't apply as a rule. It is usually another woman that puts them asunder."

* * *

Potter: "Have you read the article in *The Petticoat* 'How Married People May Live Happily?'"

Mildred: "No, I haven't seen it. How can they?"

Potter: "Why, by getting a divorce."

* * *

"And you are giving up your plans for going on the stage?"

"Yes," she replied with a sob.

"It's too bad. The drama was the ambition of your life."

"It was. But I am obliged to relinquish it."

"What is the trouble?"

"The evidence in my divorce suit didn't appeal to the popular taste."

* * *

Minnie: "Is it really true that Miss Parsay has gone and engaged herself to that worthless young Doolittle?"

Mamie: "I guess it is. I never would have imagined such a thing either. I thought she was young enough to know better."

* * *

Cynic: "'High society is the only society that really prevents cruelty to children."

Binnick: "How do you make that out?"

Cynic: "It considers it inexpedient for them to be born."

COULDN'T BEAT DOG AND HAMMER.

Perhaps the great cricket match of Porter v. Faure, which ended in the Lambeth Police Court, may not take the same high rank in sporting annals as that held by Jingle v. Blazo, reported in the "Pickwick Papers;" but there is no doubt that it will be long held in memory by those who took part in it. Mr. and Mrs. Porter, with their children, three cricket stumps, a bat, and a telescope, entered a piece of open land near their house in West Dulwich on Whit Monday in order to spend a happy afternoon. Stumps were pitched, and the match commenced. The records of the game do not state whether Mr. and Mrs. Porter were in the proud position of furnishing from among their own offspring the two rival elevens, or only one; nor is the function of the telescope in the match defined, but it was probably to be used to magnify the scores into respectable figures. While the cricket was in progress Mr. Faure suddenly appeared on the scene, said he was the proprietor and everybody else a trespasser, and not only incontinently drew the stumps, but pocketed the telescope. Without the latter the match might have proceeded, but what is a cricket match without stumps? Mr. Porter tried to get the things back, but the other hit him with a hammer, and then, so it was given in evidence, set his dog on him so thoroughly as to bite one of his (Porter's) legs. This of course ended all idea of cricket for that afternoon, and on May 22 the case came before the magisterial umpire, Mr. Biron, for final decision. He fined Mr. Faure 20s. and 10s. costs. The match has this resemblance to Jingle v. Blazo, that so far as the scoring is concerned it remains unfinished.

HE'S A DEAD BIRD.

In our last week's issue we were too crowded for space to admit of our publishing a complete record of Hippy Homer, and therefore inserted a paragraph mentioning that his portrait appeared on another page. We know Hippy to have been a fighter of real merit, and it was he who so long sought a fight with the late Frank Murphy, his fellow townsman. We saw Hippy perform against Johnny Griffin, at Pawtucket, U.S.A., and it was a fight, too. Griffin had the advantage of weight, but he was unable to whip our little Brum. We merely make mention of these facts to convince our readers that we know Homer. In our rush on May 21, we indited the few lines, and didn't see a proof of them. The compositor who set them up had been reading a pennyworth of "Little Jack Horner, who sat in the corner." He pretended to know more than we, so instead of making it Homer he put it Horner.

On Tuesday our blood was up in good shape. We hate to meet men who know it all, so we started on the warpath. The mind-reader saw us coming down Fleet Street, and, without waiting to exchange compliments of the day he bolted through a passage way and we in hot pursuit. He reached Whitefriars Street and shot up to Fleet Street, running for dear life. If he had stood his ground we should have quit like a whipped cur, but when the other fellow displayed weakness our courage attained a height which we never before anticipated, so we pursued in hot haste through Fleet Street, the Temple, and when he struck the Embankment he plunged into the water. We can stand any kind of fluid excepting water, so we were forced to fill the atmosphere with the best Billingsgate at our command, and then meander back to the nearest pub to drown out our sorrows. That joker must be a dead bird, because we have not seen him since, and if, in future, he sees us first, it is odds on we shall never see him.

Muriel: "Mr. Oswald has such a sympathetic smile."

Marshall: "Yes; I always feel compelled to smile with him."

GEORGE CHIRGWIN, "WHITE-EYED KAFFIR."

A Popular Negro Comedian Now Appearing at Moss and Thornton's Halls.

(With Portrait.)

The name of George Chirgwin, the "White-Eyed Kaffir," is known wherever the English language is spoken. Where he figures in the programme, big houses are sure to be the result. He has been identified with the London and Provincial variety halls for several years, and has appeared with success in many of the principal pantomimes. In the Midlands and North of England he is a big favourite, and is now touring with the world renowned Moss and Thornton combination, and will appear at the halls owned by that firm in England and Scotland. He has just added another success to the many previously achieved at the new Empire Palace, Birmingham. As a thorough Bohemian and good-hearted fellow, the name of George Chirgwin stands high.

ALF HARDY.

Proprietor of a Sporting and Theatrical Resort in Birmingham.

(With Portrait.)

In addition to providing representatives of every branch of sport, Birmingham has also been voted as a nursery for music-hall artistes for many years, and has given to the world Barry Sullivan, Pat Feeney, Pat Reilly, (proprietor of Reilly's well-known American combination), Alec Munro, Vesta Tilley, Millie Hylton, Bessie Bonehill, Jennie Claverdon, and many other artistes of note. It is not surprising, therefore, that Brums are looked upon as the best critics in the kingdom on the merits of a play or music-hall programme. It speaks volumes in the favour of Mr. Alf Hardy that he should have gained the goodwill of his fellow townsmen by his astute management of entertainments. His stock went up with a bound when he took over the Pavilion Bull Ring. This resort has been the scene of the triumph of many aspirants to fame on the variety boards, but from a combination of causes had gone down in local estimation. In Alf Hardy's hands matters underwent a change, and it was regretted generally that he had to retire owing to change of proprietorship. He is now proprietor of the Saracen's Head, Edgbaston Street, Birmingham, a well-known resort of sporting and music hall celebrities, and is entrusted with the management of a lot of property by Messrs. T. H. Bill and Son, the eminent local hotel brokers and auctioneers.

A SMUGGLER CAPTURED.

A Wooden Leg Utilised to Conceal Dutiable Goods.

(Subject of Illustration.)

The Customs officers in all parts of the world have developed into a keen and smart set of men, and few ever gain an advantage over them. For many years a class of people known as professional smugglers made it a business travelling between New York and England or France, bringing into American ports precious stones, and managed to reap a rich harvest, but such a close watch has been kept on passengers leaving the steamers, that to smuggle nowadays one is forced to be extremely clever. The Customs' officers in New York recently got information that a man was on his way over, and had a fair sized stock of jewels. When the steamer arrived the individual was searched and his luggage thoroughly overhauled, but failed to reveal any article of value. As the man was about to leave, highly indignant at the treatment he had received, the officer perceived that he limped in walking. He was immediately recaptured, and the wooden leg taken off to be examined. On one side half way between the ankle and knee, an opening was made and exposed a vast amount of goods which were subject to duty. They were confiscated, and the man subjected to a heavy fine.

THE COLD WATER CURE.

A Gossiping Youth Receives his Just Deserts.

(Subject of Illustration.)

Some people are ever ready to accept a bad meaning to every sentence spoken, or any move made by people they know. We expect some women to gossip, but with a man it is an offence wholly uncalled for. A male gossip was hauled up to a sharp turn the other day near Chantilly, in France, by a bevy of women whom he had slandered. They tied him to a fence and dashed several buckets full of water into his face. He pleaded for forgiveness and wanted freedom, but it was not accorded him till he made a pledge to, in future, speak truthfully of those whom he chanced to know.

COUNTY CRICKET FOR LADIES.

Under the signature of "Drive Forward," a lady suggesting the establishment of county cricket for ladies, says:—"It is becoming more and more apparent that sports and outdoor pastimes of all kinds are and can be indulged in by the weaker sex without the usual prejudice and opposition of matrons and Mrs. Grundys. Clubs are now formed all over the country for golf, hockey, tennis, and swimming, of which ladies are members; why, therefore, instead of one or two solitary elevens of women exponents of the game of cricket, playing against a team of broomstick wielders, should not we have a cricket club for each county, and play inter-county matches, regulated by the same rules as are issued by the M.C.C.? Man's strength is an advantage we cannot hope to attain, but it is not required when all we aim at is to do the thing as well as we can. It would not be possible for a woman to lift a ball to the Pavilion at Lord's, but she might send it as prettily and cleverly to the boundary as any man, and gain the desired fours. I am a Kentite, and believe that a thoroughly good eleven of lady cricketers could be formed from this county, who would not only play the game well, but make it thoroughly interesting to spectators from a cricketer's point of view. Why should we be debarred from the health and pleasure-giving sport; or rather, why should we who love the game have to depend upon our brothers to get a little practice of it, and then it must be far from the 'madding crowd.' I am more capable, I know, of bowling at a wicket than making this idea of ladies participating in the national game clear to the minds of those interested; but this letter is merely to give the hint, and then perhaps some steps will be taken by those in whose power it lies to bring about the desired result."

SODA-WATER FIGHT TO A FINISH.

How Two Turf Followers Settled their Differences.

(Subject of Illustration.)

The dead heats at Manchester were productive of many arguments as to racing form of horses that participated in the events. Two of the regular turf followers became involved in an argument, and, as neither cared to lower themselves to such an extent as to engage in a regular mill, they mutually agreed to indulge in a battle with soda-water. The conditions were that they should stand four feet apart, and corks and soda sent flying at each other to count, the one giving in first to pay for the liquid wasted. The affair created considerable interest, and a few wagers were laid on the result. Though both kept on their hats, neither was to dodge a cork or the soda, and should a hat be knocked off the man so dismantled to be penalised, and a second mishap to disqualify him. More than two dozen bottles were emptied by both, when a cork, flying out of one of the bottles, struck one of the men fairly in the eye, and it so impaired his sight that he gracefully retired from the match, and paid the costs of the soda-water bottles that had been emptied, and stood a treat for the party. Both of the men were drenched to the skin, and their general appearance created a considerable amount of sport for the onlookers.

Son Isaac: "Mine fader! For vat do you eat dot fine herring so slow?"

Mr. Rubenstein: "Isaac, you don't know der value of money. Would you have me use the good schmell?"

COME AND GET ME.

An Invitation Declined by a Police-constable.

(Subject of Illustration.)

On the morning of May 22 a man jumped from Southwark Bridge and swam to the foreshore at Bankside, where a police-constable was waiting to take him into custody for attempted suicide in spite of his protests that he dived off the bridge with the idea of proving his capabilities for Boyton's Water Show. Considerable amusement was caused amongst the onlookers by the man refusing to come on dry ground and inviting the constable to wade into the mud if he wanted him. The dispute ended by his ultimately coming ashore into the arms of the policeman.

PHOTOGRAPHS FROM LIFE.

JUST ARRIVED FROM PARIS! the best and newest to be had. Sample collections of one dozen Cabinets, 2s. 6d.; superior, 5s. C.D.V.'s, 2s. doz. Curious Transparencies, 1s. packet. Aristotle's Works, coloured plates, 360, 2s. Bride, 1s. 3d. Maria Monk, illustrated, 1s. 8d. Paris by Night, illustrated, with which is presented a Cabinet Photograph, 1s. 2d. All post free. Complete catalogue, 2 stamps.

M. LOUIS,

16, VILLIERS ST., CHARING CROSS.

THE CONTINENTAL PHOTOGRAPH AGENCY,

Established 1875. Largest Stock in the world.

REASONABLE PRICES.

List and Sample, Sixpence.

Our unique system of exchangeable sample sheets and collections gives widest choice at low prices.

34, QUEEN ST., CANNON ST.,

LONDON, E.C.

TO MARRIED LADIES.

A NEW BOOK has just been published by R. Forder, entitled "THE WIFE'S MEDICAL ADVISER," 60 pages, illustrated. This most valuable work should be read by every married woman, as it contains *plain and practical advice* concerning large families, and other information necessary to be known by ladies. For a limited time only we will supply copies Gratis on receipt of two stamps for postage.

Address E. LAMBERT and SON,
Manufacturer of Surgical Syringes and other Specialities,
60 and 62, Queen's Road, Dalston, London, N.E.

LIFE AND BATTLES

OF

JAMES J. CORBETT,

CHAMPION OF THE WORLD,

CONTAINING

PORTRAITS

OF THE

PRINCIPAL PUGILISTS

WHOM CORBETT HAS BEATEN.

GRAPHIC DESCRIPTION

OF

CORBETT'S BATTLES

WITH

Peter Jackson, John L. Sullivan

and Charles Mitchell.

PRICE ONE SHILLING.

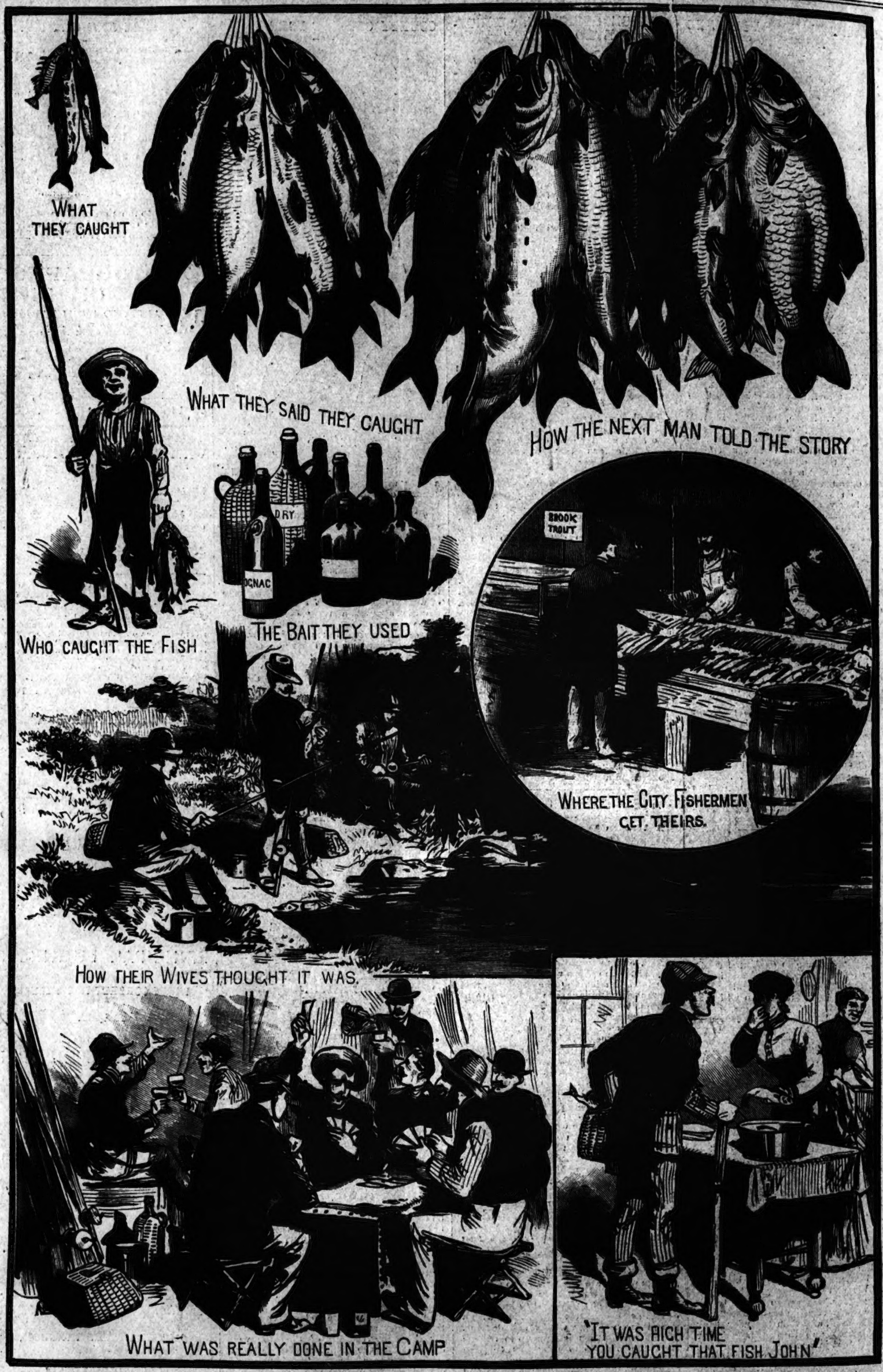
OBTAINABLE OF ALL NEWSAGENTS

IN THE UNITED KINGDOM,

Or sent, Post Paid, by

THE MIRROR OF LIFE,

108, FLEET STREET, E.C.


WHAT THEY CAUGHT
WHAT THEY SAID THEY CAUGHT
HOW THE NEXT MAN TOLD THE STORY
DRY
OCNAC
BROOK TROUT
WHO CAUGHT THE FISH
THE BAIT THEY USED
WHERE THE CITY FISHERMEN GET THEIRS.
HOW THEIR WIVES THOUGHT IT WAS.
WHAT WAS REALLY DONE IN THE CAMP
"IT WAS HIGH TIME YOU CAUGHT THAT FISH JOHN"

THE AMATEUR ANGLER.

How he Describes Excursions, and Where he Really Catches his Fish.

THE MIRROR OF LIFE is published every Wednesday by The Albion Publishing Company, 169, Fleet Street, London, E.C.